

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879.

The Week.

NOBODY, we suppose, really believes that the Senate passed the Arrears of Pensions Bill (House Bill No. 4234) from pure motives of national gratitude. There was a long debate over a simple interpretative amendment designed to prevent fraud and abuse (for which Mr. Ferry, of Michigan, deserves great credit), and not a single respectable excuse was offered for refusing to adopt it. Yet, though it mustered 20 votes against 27, and the bill will take at least \$20,000,000 out of the Treasury, only four Senators had the courage to vote against it finally, and these all Democrats and not one a President *in petto*. The other great achievement of the Senate was a warm debate in executive session over the New York Customhouse appointments, Senator Conkling's voice of course being heard denouncing Secretary Sherman's charges against Collector Arthur as frivolous and worse. The matter was referred to the Committee on Commerce for investigation. The Democratic Senators, after putting their heads together, introduced resolutions to offset Mr. Edmunds's on the Amendments. They match his glittering generalities, and end by denying that the United States have any voters of their own creation in the States, or that they have any jurisdiction over a denial or abridgment of the right to vote unless effected "by the authority of and in obedience to the laws of a State." The House passed on Wednesday week, 117 to 72, Mr. Wood's bill providing for the issue of three per cent. Treasury certificates of deposit, of the denomination of ten dollars, convertible at any time, with accrued interest, into four per cents. This, according to the majority, strenuously backed by Gen. Garfield, would be a boon to the poor man by giving him a national savings-bank and rescuing him from communistic designs on the Government. According to Mr. Hewitt, the only gainers by the measure would be the bloated banks, which are now accepting two per cent. interest from the trust companies, and would gladly take three from the Government. To this no answer was made, nor, we believe, can there be any. The House also passed a bill authorizing the receipt of greenbacks for customs, and one providing for the exchange of four per cents at par for five per cents, allowing three months' interest from the time of surrender. On Tuesday the Potter Committee was on request allowed \$10,000 to investigate the cipher despatches. The chief opponent of the appropriation, on the ground of the despatches being a private concern, was the Essex statesman who overhauled the barrel of impeachment telegrams, and had to be fenced off from the click of the telegraphic instrument at the Capitol.

On Saturday the House of Representatives came to a vote on the Geneva Award Bill, and after adopting Mr. Frye's amendment to the majority bill, excluding the insurance companies, and rejecting the majority bill, with the amendment, it passed Mr. McMahon's substitute bill. This revives the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, and sends all the claimants to it, except the underwriters. Under it the "war-premium" and "exculpated-cruiser" claimants would make a rich haul, but the insurers will now of course do their best to defeat it in the Senate, so that if the session ends without the passage of any bill on the subject at all, leaving the money still in the Treasury of the United States, it will not be very surprising. The *Tribune* speaks of the passage of the bill as a proof of the honesty of Congress, and at the same time holds it up as a sort of warning to "British moralists," who we hope will now stop, as they must see their casuistry and hypocrisy do no good. In fact, we think the moralists of every nation had better let the subject alone. It may be worth while, morality apart, to mention

one or two facts connected with the subject which the *Tribune* seems to have overlooked. First, that the United States collected the Geneva fund for individual claimants; second, that the war-premium claims were decided by the Geneva tribunal to have no validity; third, that the "exculpated-cruiser" claims are claims on account of the acts of vessels for which the tribunal expressly decided under the Treaty that England should not pay any money. To any one who will disprove any of these statements we will pay the sum of \$1,000, to be added to the Geneva Fund now in the hands of the Government, and to be applied, as that has already been applied by a prudent secretary, to the reduction of the national debt. We trust that in the Senate the international bearing of the proposed scheme of distribution may be brought out. As our international position will, in the future as in the past, be, in all probability, that of a neutral nation, a recognition of claims upon a neutral for damages through "enhanced payment of insurance" may prove to have unpleasant consequences for us, as may also the payment of claims made in direct violation of a treaty and of an arbitration under it.

If the Army Bill reported by the Joint Commission does not pass, the Committee on Appropriations will present a bill of Mr. Hewitt's in order that some reduction in the expense of the Army may take place immediately. This bill distributes through all branches of the service a reduction of about 20 per centum. About four hundred officers will thus be rendered supernumerary, but they will not be retired unless they choose to resign with the usual advance of three years' salary. The elimination is therefore left to accident or voluntary action, but until it has taken place no new appointments will be made. After January 1, 1880, officers will be retired after forty years' service, or at the age of sixty-two years, and the next two graduating classes of the Military Academy will receive \$750 and mileage to their regiments, but they will be ineligible to appointment in the Army until two years after graduation. There is no change made with regard to the Engineer Corps and some special officers. No promotions or new appointments will be made until all the reductions provided for in the bill have taken place. The Government would save by this means from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 per annum.

The desire of inhabitants of the Pacific slope for the restriction of Chinese immigration has been brought to the notice of every Congress since the negotiation of the Burlingame Treaty in 1868. It has now taken the form of a bill to limit the number of Chinese passengers to be brought to this country to fifteen on any one vessel, and to attach severe penalties to a violation of the law. A report of the House Committee on Education and Labor accompanies the bill, recommending its passage. By a clause in the Burlingame Treaty the privilege of unlimited immigration is accorded to all subjects of the Chinese Empire, and acts of the California Legislature in opposition to this clause are void. The Committee, after citing precedents, declare that an Act of Congress is sufficient to overrule this provision of the Treaty, and recommend that such an act be now passed. If it be considered expedient to abrogate the Treaty, however, this is not the way to do it. A treaty made with a friendly Power on our own motion ought not to be set aside without notice to the other party through the ordinary diplomatic channels. Moreover, it is not open to us to reject some provisions of the Treaty and keep the others in force. The Chinese will not submit to this, and if we repudiate whatever we do not like, they will do the same thing.

It must be borne in mind, too, that in legislating against the Chinese the Republican party, at least, would be getting into more serious trouble than that into which the Southern question has already plunged it. The party has adopted and is maintaining with

great vehemence, at the South, the doctrine that neither race nor ignorance in any way disqualifies a man for citizenship; that, in fact, nothing disqualifies a man for it but foreign birth, a defect which is cured by naturalization, and that objections on the part of anybody to carrying on a government with a man, or being governed by him, or working with him in any way, on account of the absence of American ideas or American training, are futile, and ought, if possible, to be put down by law. The party is upholding these doctrines too with regard to a race which is, judging by the past, far inferior to the Chinese in constructive power, and far below them in culture. One has only to mention these things to show that the Chinese question is one which calls for a good deal of patient investigation, and is as yet by no means ripe for action, and least of all for such action as the House Committee proposes.

The Utah polygamists have been, as we expected, much stirred up by the Reynolds conviction. A deputation of Mormon ladies of polygamous opinions has waited on the Senate Judiciary Committee to obtain a repeal of the Act of 1862, as entailing great hardship on polygamous women and children. The anti-polygamists at Utah, on the other hand, have held a meeting, in which they called for still more stringent measures, such as the exclusion of polygamists from jury-lists, and permission to prove polygamous marriages in criminal trials by the same evidence as in civil cases. This, they say, is "all they ask." They then accuse the Mormons of dram-drinking, and declare that at the meetings of the Mormon priesthood, presided over by Brigham Young, it was the custom of these ecclesiastics to confess that they committed adultery freely "outside of their polygamous relations." This, although produced as a "well-known fact," one cannot help doubting, however. Senator Christiancy has brought in a bill making further provision for the suppression of polygamy, but giving the President extensive amnesty powers, and allowing till November next for the birth of polygamous children without prejudice to their legitimacy—probably the oddest provision ever laid before a legislative body.

A remarkable diversity of opinion is exhibited among the silver-men on the question of taking the trade-dollar and the Mexican dollar into the list of legal-tender coins. The silver-men pure and simple, of whom Senators Voorhees and Beck are acknowledged types, hold that if silver dollars are good things we cannot have too many of them, and that the bullion of which they are composed is just as well adapted to the manufacture of standard dollars as any other bullion. They propose, therefore, to make them receivable for Government taxes and duties, and to direct the Treasury to recoin them into dollars of $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains each. These measures are received with such disfavor by another section of the party—to wit, the owners of silver-mines—that, according to one of their organs, if they are passed by Congress "Messrs. Voorhees and Beck will be hanged in effigy in every mining camp in the country." "It is regarded," continues the same organ, "as a villainous job from beginning to end, and the utmost astonishment is expressed at the conduct of the so-called silver Senators in fathoming so outrageous a measure." What is wanted of the Government is not the multiplication of silver dollars generally but the steady and continuous purchase of *our* silver. The doctrine of protection has taken many queer guises in this country, but none so ridiculous as that of disbursing two millions per month from the public Treasury to steady the market of a declining product. This species of folly may last a year longer. Meanwhile, we trust that Senators Voorhees and Beck will not be frightened by the prospect of hanging in effigy in every mining camp in the country.

The election of Mr. Conkling for his third term in the United States Senate followed naturally on his unanimous nomination in the Republican caucus, after a speech by Mr. Husted, one of the most active and witty of the State politicians, in which the candidate was eulogized in a highly poetic vein in company with General Grant. The two, indeed, were represented as having jointly, if not severally,

saved the Union, and then governed it with unparalleled wisdom and success. The excitement then increased, the orators trying to outvie each other in laudation, until Speaker Alvord made Conkling the peer of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay. If the performance had lasted much longer, "strong men" would have "begun to cry like children," as they did at the convention last fall, when Mr. Conkling restored "harmony in the party." The affair leaves the friends of the Administration in a somewhat ludicrous position, as they can hardly have supposed that it was for this they "harmonized" last summer. The wretched Democrats made an attempt to mar the beauty of the occasion by proposing to refuse Mr. Conkling a certificate, on the ground that the present Legislature is only a legislature *de facto*. The origin of this impudent suggestion is this: the State constitution directs the Legislature to take a State census every ten years, and in the next session after such census to redistrict the State on the basis of population, so that each district shall have as nearly as possible an equal population. This reapportionment, it is believed, would, if made in 1876, as prescribed, have given the Democrats a larger representation than they now have, but the Republicans, in view of this fact, and having the power in their own hands, resolutely refused to make it. The result is that the Democrats grumble and growl, and would like to make trouble, but happily, besides being wicked and ill-conditioned, they cannot help themselves.

Committees of the House and Senate of the Virginia Legislature, acting jointly, have passed a series of resolutions called forth by the action of Judge Rives, of the Federal District Court, in taking a colored criminal out of the hands of the State court on the ground that he had not enjoyed his rights under the Constitutional Amendments in having been convicted by a jury composed exclusively of white men. The resolutions, after laying down several elementary propositions touching the relations of the States to the Federal Government, pronounce the Civil Rights Bill and the Force Bill unconstitutional, and place in the same category all other bills which "provide, or attempt or profess to provide, for the performance by the United States of duties and obligations belonging to the States." The resolutions are very proper in tone and temper, and end by asking for legal provision for the prompt and effective supervision "by the United States Supreme Court of the judges of the inferior courts of the United States," and instructing the Governor to take proceedings in the name of the Commonwealth before the United States Supreme Court to secure protection and redress in the present instance.

Dun, Barlow & Co. have issued their annual circular for the year 1878, giving the number of failures in that year, as compared with the five preceding years. Their report shows what a slow process "touching bottom" is, for the number of failures in 1878 exceeded that in 1877 by 1,571, with liabilities exceeding those of 1877 by \$40,000,000. In fact, there have not been so many failures since 1873 as last year. The increase over 1877 has been slight in the Eastern States, slight in the Middle States, slight in the Southern States, but very heavy in the Western States. In fact, of the 1,571 increase in number, 680 come from the Western States. On the other hand, the Western contribution to the amount of liabilities is smaller than that of any of the other divisions, showing that the trouble there has of late been mainly among the minor dealers and speculators. These comparisons are, however, very rough, as the Western division greatly exceeds the others in population. The only fact that can be deduced with certainty from the table is that the process of recovery had not begun in 1878, that the "dead wood" was still being cleared away, and that the President's opinion that we had been "walking on the bottom for some time" was not strictly correct when uttered in December. There seems to be little doubt that the present year will show a much better result, owing to the number of people who were expecting to fall fifty feet when resumption began, and have found out that their toes were only an inch from the ground. Most of them, having now

let go, are walking off to their business, looking a little sheepish, it is true, but still, more cheerful and hopeful than they have been for a long time.

The refunding of the public debt goes on with surprising rapidity, and during the week enough 4 per cent. bonds have been subscribed for to raise the total since the last week in December to \$100,000,000. On Saturday and on Tuesday last the holders of \$40,000,000 more 5.20s of 1867 (6 per cent. bonds) were notified that their bonds will be redeemed ninety days hence. This makes \$110,000,000 of '67s notified for redemption since December 31 last. It is not a subject for rejoicing that the rate for money is kept so low as to breed wild speculation, such as has been seen at the Stock Exchange during the week (the prices of speculative stocks there having advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 per cent.); nor is it a good thing that refunding is going on at a rate that brings back from Europe enough 5.20s of '67 to advance sterling exchange to the point that draws gold coin from here to London. The rates for money have been depressed, as the result of the operations of the banks in 4 per cent. bonds, to 1 to 2 per cent. for ninety-day loans where the collateral is made up of U. S. bonds, and to 2 to 3 per cent. where it consists of other securities. These rates are enough below even the reduced rates in London to furnish an incentive, entirely aside from the importation of securities from Europe, to transfer money hence to London. Accordingly, the rate for demand sterling bills has advanced to 4.89 $\frac{1}{2}$, or the point which draws gold from here. It is proper to say that only the nominal rate is now 4.89 $\frac{1}{2}$, the actual rate being 4.89; but even the latter is unpleasantly near to the point of danger. This danger has not been overlooked by the Treasury, and arrangements were made on Tuesday with a new syndicate to place not less than \$5,000,000 4 per cents per month in Europe. The Bank of England discount rate has been reduced to 4 per cent. Silver in London advanced during the week to 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, and the bullion value of the 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain dollar here advanced to \$0.8546. Silver in London fluctuated more widely during the year 1878 than during 1877. The lowest price in 1878 was 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce about the time of the passage of the Bland Bill, and the highest price was 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. at the close of the year; the average price for the year was 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce.

The German budget has been issued, and although unfavorable, proves to be less so than was expected. The immense surplus derived from the French indemnity, which has been announced every year from 1872 to 1876 has been wholly expended, and there has been besides an actual deficit of eleven million marks. The Government being the principal proprietor of arable lands, forests, mines, and railways, its revenue has naturally been largely decreased by the prolonged commercial depression. The losses thus incurred have been supplied by a continual increase of direct taxation, notwithstanding which there is still the above-mentioned deficit. While thirteen per cent. of the British revenue, and twenty-five per cent. of the French, is derived from direct taxation, forty-five per cent. of the German revenue is so raised. Therefore it was with good reason that the Finance Minister stated in his budget speech that he dared not attempt an increase of direct taxes. It is not too much to say that during the last twelve years the taxes paid in the large towns have been tripled, while the resources of the people have sensibly decreased. It would be well if the exhaustion of the French indemnity left the treasury undamaged, but such is not the case. The surplus wealth of the late prosperous years has not simply disappeared, it has been spent on public works, many of which are still unfinished, and their completion will be a drain for years to come. The revenue for the coming financial year not only cannot supply the funds required to complete them, but it lacks ten million marks for the ordinary cost of carrying on the Government.

Switzerland is following in the lead of Germany by proposing a new tariff, which seems designed at once to place its budget on a firm footing and to revenge itself on other nations whose protective

laws interfere with manufacturers of the Federation. The duties on English goods are so much increased that it is doubtful whether the new measure will be ratified, as there is a strong free-trade feeling in the French-speaking cantons, and the whole people depend much on England for articles in common use. One part of the new tariff, and the only one which especially concerns us, has already become a law, in accordance with which the "Federal Council is authorized, subject to the approval of the National Assembly, to impose on the products of states that do not treat Switzerland on the footing of the most favored nation, and whose tariff submits Swiss products to exceptionally heavy duties, such proportionate additional taxes [additional to those set forth in the new tariff] as they may deem necessary." This clause is evidently directed against the United States, whose high duties on watches, silks, and embroideries are severely felt by Swiss manufacturers. The wisdom of the new measure is another matter. A small land-locked country like Switzerland would be worsted in a war of tariffs; its extensive trade with Savoy would be greatly injured, while endless opportunities for smuggling would be afforded by the open French frontier. An increase of the taxes on spirits and tobacco, at present extremely low, would be a better way out of the difficulty.

The expected collision between the victorious majority in the French Assembly and the Dufaure Ministry occurred on Monday, after much preliminary intriguing and negotiation. The attack on the Cabinet was made by M. Senard, to whom the duty had been assigned by his party, and the main point of it was that the Ministry had not given satisfaction in its dealings with the administrative functionaries whom it found in power when it took office, meaning thereby that it had kept too many Monarchists in the service. But he admitted that a distinction ought to be made between those whose duties were purely ministerial and those who acted as the exponents of the policy of the Government towards the country, such as the prefects and certain classes of judges. On this head M. Dufaure was able to make a pretty good defence as to the past, and he admitted that the vote of the 5th of January made still more thorough purging of the service necessary, and, in fact, adopted M. Senard's views. The subsequent onslaughts of the Extreme Left seem to have been feeble, and, in the recess which followed, the Government and the Left came to terms, and a vote of confidence was passed.

Gambetta took no part in the debate, and there is much dispute among the Paris correspondents of the foreign press as to the precise part he played in the crisis—that is, whether he instigated the attack on the Ministry and failed, or privately stood by them. The language of his paper, the *République Française*, supports the former view. But the bulk of the Republican press stood by M. Dufaure, and he probably could not have been overthrown without causing a serious revulsion of feeling in the country against the Left. The whole proceeding curiously illustrates the anomalous nature of M. Gambetta's position, on which we commented last week. The Ministry properly speaking is the Ministry of the majority. Nevertheless in the debate the majority overhauled and criticised it in the attitude of an opposition, although, as was well known, it had nobody whom it dared put in its place, or whom the country would accept with confidence and tranquillity. It will probably take two or three years more to fit Gambetta for the position to which, according to the rules of parliamentary government, he is really entitled—that of President of the Council or President of the Republic. A good deal will now depend on his skill in keeping the revolutionary programme of the Extreme Left out of sight and out of mind, as to the part he will play in 1880, when Marshal Mac-Mahon's term expires, and when the Republic will pass through its next great crisis. It is worth remembering that it is already half the age of the Second Empire. To have an air of real stability, however, it must last at least twenty-five years; twenty years having been the usual duration of French governments since the downfall of the old monarchy.

THE FUTURE OF GREENBACKS.

THE experiment of specie resumption is far enough advanced to afford some indications of the probable future of the greenback currency, whose fate was left undefined in the Resumption Act of 1875. That Act merely provides that on and after January 1, 1879, the Secretary of the Treasury "shall redeem in coin the United States legal-tender notes then outstanding, on their presentation," etc. No attempt to fix their status after redemption was made until May 31, 1878, when an act was passed by Congress prohibiting the cancellation or retirement of any more United States legal-tender notes under any pretence whatever, and providing that when any of said notes shall be received into the Treasury, by redemption or otherwise, "they shall be reissued and paid out again and kept in circulation." Since no method has been provided for paying any more money out of the Treasury than the annual appropriations call for, and since these appropriations are equalled by the annual income from taxation, the Act of 1878 would be inoperative if any considerable number of greenbacks should be presented for redemption. The Secretary would have no lawful means of paying them out and keeping them in circulation, although required by law to do so.

But no greenbacks have been presented for redemption; or, to speak precisely, more gold has been sent to the Treasury to be exchanged for greenbacks than greenbacks to be redeemed in gold, since the first day of January; which proves that the public do not want gold unless they have a specific use for it which greenbacks will not answer as well. This is the same rule or principle which sends to the Bank of England each day "on balance" all the gold in Great Britain not wanted for export, or to meet the exigencies of local circulation for transactions smaller than five pounds. Inasmuch as we use notes of as small denomination as any existing gold coin, there are no exigencies of local circulation here to be provided for out of the Treasury balance. Consequently the only draft of a commercial nature upon this reserve to be looked for is for export; that is, to meet balances of international trade. Any other demand for gold must be the result of apprehensions in the public mind that the Treasury supply will prove inadequate, or that silver may be eventually tendered in the redemption of greenbacks instead of gold. Up to the present time, however, not even the banks of New York have called for any gold, notwithstanding they can get it without expense to themselves. The banks of the interior, being at a disadvantage of one-quarter of one per cent. in the way of express charges for the transportation of gold, have drawn nothing, and will draw nothing hereafter, except as the result of apprehensions regarding silver. It may well be doubted whether the sluggishness of the New York banks in this particular is grounded in wisdom. They have declared that all their deposits are to be considered and treated as gold—not as coin, but as gold coin. The Treasury has asked and obtained admission to the Clearing-House as one of its members, for the purpose of settling its balances with the banks expeditiously and cheaply. One of its daily balances, and perhaps the most important of all, is the balance over for its legal-tender notes. There ought to be one place in the United States where promises-to-pay end, and where performance begins. The New York Clearing-House, which performs two-thirds of all the clearings of the country, is the most suitable place for such daily settlement; yet the Clearing-House has not asked its new member, the Government, to redeem a single greenback. All balances continue to be paid in legal-tender notes as before. It may well be doubted, we say, whether this policy is wise, for although it is something easier to make these settlements with notes than with coin, resumption ought to be put to a practical test from day to day, and all parties ought to become habituated to it. The drain upon the Treasury for this purpose would be trifling, amounting probably to not more than one-fifteenth of the Treasury reserve, and not more than three months' production of our own mines.

The fact remains, however, that no gold has been called for and

that none seems to be wanted for domestic purposes. This indifference on the part of the public is likely to continue until something occurs to alarm the holders of greenbacks—to create a doubt in their minds whether the gold value which they now bear can be permanently maintained. Such doubts may be raised (1) by a large demand for gold for exportation, (2) by the prospect of silver instead of gold payments at the Treasury, (3) by an agitation in Congress or in the country for the disbursement of the Treasury gold for some other purpose than the redemption of greenbacks. It is inevitable that a time will come when more or less gold will be required for export, since it is one of our principal products, the output being about forty millions per annum. We cannot pile up and hoard all that we produce for ever, nor is it desirable that we should. The exportation of the surplus over and above our own needs is as healthy as any other commercial movement, and it is not likely to be large enough to put resumption in peril for many years to come. The recent funding operations of the Treasury have called several millions of 5-20 bonds from Europe, whose place has not been filled by foreign subscriptions to the 4 per cent. loan. It is possible that these bonds may come home faster than they can be paid for by our exports of merchandise, in which case there will be a temporary balance against us, to be discharged with gold. But this will not of itself occasion alarm, since the future payment of gold interest to Europe will be lessened *pro tanto*.

The continued coinage of silver on Government account is the most threatening element of the problem, for, although only a dribble of the stream gets into circulation, the reservoir grows from day to day, and is becoming an enormous bulk. Before the 1st of July there will be one thousand tons of this metal stored in the public warehouses, and ere Congress assembles in December there will be a raging controversy how to dispose of it. The silver-men will insist that it shall be forced upon the public creditors. This policy could never be put in force without precipitating a ran upon the Treasury for all the gold in it. Secretary Sherman's policy of allowing the public creditors of every sort to take gold, silver, or greenbacks at their option is the only one compatible with safety to the gold reserve. Any agitation to reverse that policy approaching in fierceness that which ushered in the Silver Bill would deplete the Treasury of its last gold-piece before Congress could act upon the measure.

The spectacle of one hundred and forty millions of gold lying in the Treasury subject to the call of any holder of greenbacks, and yet uncalled for, has arrested the attention of discerning inflationists at the West, who now demand that the entire gold reserve be expended in redeeming interest-bearing bonds. "Why," they ask, "should the Government lose the interest on this vast sum of money? It is plain that it is not wanted for purposes of resumption; let it be used, therefore, to pay off the 5-20s." It is needless to say that long before any bill could be passed to carry these views into effect the whole amount would be wanted and would be taken by the holders of greenbacks, who are satisfied to keep legal-tender notes only so long as there is a visible stock of gold on hand pledged for their redemption.

Between the slow, inexorable movement of the Mint under the Silver Bill, and the erratic course of political opinion on this range of subjects, the future of the greenback currency is, to say the least, extremely precarious. A cataclysm wholly distinct from ordinary financial panics is liable to overtake it at any time and on very short notice. If a run upon the Government's gold reserve were started through either of these causes—if one-half of the outstanding greenbacks were lodged in the Treasury, and a corresponding amount of gold drawn out—the effect upon trade and industry would not be necessarily harmful, but more probably beneficial. It would, however, bring up for discussion and final settlement the question whether Government notes shall form a part of the permanent currency of the country. The objections to such a currency have been set forth in these columns so frequently that they need not be here repeated. Until the cataclysm comes it is

safe to assume that business will move in its customary channels, employing the same implements, tools, and methods that it has used since 1862, and that the gold reserve of the Treasury will not be disturbed.

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

THE election of Mr. Roscoe Conkling by the Republicans, without any opposition, for a third term to the United States Senate is a very interesting phenomenon. Most of what are called "thoughtful Republicans" disapprove of him, or only approve of him apologetically, or interrogatively, by asking you, "Who else is there?" The leading Republican papers do the same thing. The most that those who are friendliest to him say for him is that the absence of opposition shows what a "strong man" (*i. e.*, skilful politician) he is, and shows how completely he has beaten the Administration. A not uncommon way of supporting him in the press is what may be called the paternal method—pointing out that during his two terms in the Senate he has grossly neglected all the serious business of his office and has devoted himself to the promotion of his personal fortunes, which in the case of a man of his remarkable talents is very unfortunate, not to say reprehensible; but that it is to be hoped, now that he sees that this makes no difference whatever with his constituents, he will change his ways in his third term, and become what nature intended him to be—a statesman of the first order. There was in the *New York Times* of last Saturday a letter from a dissatisfied Republican on Mr. Conkling which, taken in connection with the editor's comments on it and its appearing in a paper which is by no means friendly to the Administration, is a useful contribution to the solution of the Conkling problem. The writer points out that Mr. Conkling shrank from the performance of his duty on that most important occasion, the last electoral count, in failing to vote on the counting of the Louisiana vote; that he kept dead silence in the Senate during the most critical period of the currency discussion; that in the canvasses immediately preceding the expiration of his own term in the Senate in 1872 and 1878 he displayed an abounding enthusiasm and prolific eloquence, while in the off years, when his seat was in no danger, he fell into delicate health; that in the canvass of 1876 he did not in his speeches make a single mention of the candidate of his party for the Presidency who had been preferred to himself, and in 1877 poured forth in full convention, on the heads of Republicans as old and faithful and upright as himself, a stream of coarse vituperation, simply because they happened to be friends of the Administration and its ideas. The writer further adds that if Mr. Conkling's career were to terminate to-morrow, "there is no conspicuous act of his—no original conception, no advocacy of any great public measure—to rescue his name from speedy oblivion."

All this is literally true. We have never seen any attempt to deny these charges or explain them away, and being generally accepted as true, they ought, combined with Mr. Conkling's obtrusive vanity and quarrelsome ness—usually serious defects in a politician—have brought his political career to an end, or a pause, six years ago. Now why have they not done so? How is it that shortcomings apparently so fatal as these do him no damage? He is not a great orator; he is not a great legislator; he is not a man of great or striking ideas; he has been tricky and inconstant in his support of his party; he has no reputation outside his own State; he has no hold on the mind of the country; he is associated with no great cause. If he retired from the political arena to-morrow, he would be forgotten as rapidly as "Tom" Murphy or Silas B. Dutcher. How is it, then, that he is re-elected to the Senate without opposition, or more than a slight murmur of opposition?

The usual malcontent Republican way of answering these questions is by repeating that Mr. Conkling is a bad fellow—or, in other words, that the very qualities which unfit him for high office enable him by some sort of hocus-pocus to seize and keep it. This reminds one of the explanation of Beaconsfield's success offered recently by an English peer, after much reflection—"That he had sold himself to

the devil." It reminds one also of the account given by the *New York Times* recently of the political career of Moses, of South Carolina, who was promoted from the place of "Speaker and Thief" to that of "Governor and Wholesale Robber," apparently by the operation of some occult force within himself. The fact is, however, that to find out how so unprofitable a statesman as Mr. Conkling comes to be so easily retained in public life, we must study not Mr. Conkling himself but the party to which he owes his place. He does not, any more than Moses, live and move *in vacuo*. He is not a United States Senator by the grace of God or the force of his own genius. He goes back to the Senate because his party sends him back. Nor has he taken the party by surprise, as we see. It knows him thoroughly now, and is apparently content with him, just as in South Carolina it knew Moses when it made him "Governor and Wholesale Robber." Nor is the election of Mr. Conkling for a third term the sign of a special affection for him. He has shown no qualities to excite affection. He has not earned the favor of the public. There is, to do him justice, but little of the demagogue about him. His attitude towards his constituents is one of, on the whole, silent arrogance. He is not, in other words, although a "favorite son," in any sense a pet of the State. He is, we believe, a pet of the city of Utica, but not of any larger community, and no New Yorker ever speaks of him with any pride.

What his success proves is the enormous power which "the machine" still possesses over the party, and the skill with which Mr. Conkling uses it. He was General Grant's favorite Senator, and the machine, as we now see it, may be said to have been built up under General Grant, and no one had more to do with building it up than Mr. Conkling. It was under General Grant that the party came into full control of the enormous number of offices created by the war, and into the full benefit of the prestige and influence which the possession of offices creates and diffuses, and nobody represents that influence and prestige so completely as Mr. Conkling. There were strong signs of revolt against him and his system in 1876, under the impression made by the great scandals of the previous four years, and a more vigorous reformer than Mr. Hayes might have overthrown him and taught the party that it might safely seek nobler instruments. But Mr. Hayes's timidity and failure satisfied the working politicians at a very early day that he was after all only an interrex, that Mr. Conkling represented what was most powerful and permanent in the party organization, and that the safest course was to adhere to him until the Hayes disturbance was over, and they have done so.

To make their adhesion effective Mr. Conkling needed two things more—viz., that the party should be sufficiently afraid of the Democrats to shrink from anything like internal dissension, and that it should be sufficiently wrought up about the condition of the South to make it indifferent about other questions. These have also been accorded to him. It is these things which account for the extraordinary fact that the senior Senator of the leading commercial State in the Union, and of one of the great financial centres of the world, has been able with impunity to manifest complete indifference to legislation affecting the currency and public credit at a most critical period. As long as these conditions last, too, we must expect to find the Republican party in the Senate largely represented either by men of Mr. Conkling's kind, or by passionate partisans filled with the memories of the war and eager to prolong them. A Senate so composed is not apt to be a very august or very useful body, but it would be unfair to blame the Senators for its composition, just as it will be unfair to blame Mr. Conkling for not having spoken on the Silver Bill, and for throwing his whole mind into the great Arthur-Cornell question. He has plainly done all that his constituency called for; it would have been very noble if he had done more, but he lays no claim to nobleness—he is satisfied if men think him skilful. The tendency of the party mind, to which he owes his success, is revealed also in the growing yearning for General Grant for a third term. A party which so openly acknowledges the scantiness of its resources both in men and in ideas cannot be said to have a very brilliant future before it; but it is hard to see how any widening of the horizon

can come until a larger body of Republicans than now shows itself is prepared to sacrifice "harmony" for other things.

THE FIRST INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN.

II.

SIR ROBERT SALES'S brigade was sent out from Cabul early in October, 1841, to put down an outbreak of Ghilzais, one of the most fanatical and warlike of the Afghan tribes, in the neighborhood of the Khoord-Cabul Pass, and finding the restoration of tranquillity more difficult than had been expected settled down at Gundamuck, on the road to Jalalabad. It was here when the rising took place at Cabul, and when matters began to look serious in the latter place was called upon by Mac-Naghten in the most urgent terms to return. Sale refused to do so, and the justifiability of his refusal formed for twenty years afterwards the subject of burning controversy in English military circles. It was said by the garrison at Cabul that had he done so he would have extricated them from all their troubles, and have restored peace and order. It was said further that had he even remained at Gundamuck he would have kept the Khoord-Cabul and Juggdulluck Passes open, and have thus enabled the Cabul force to retreat in safety. He, however, neither went to Cabul nor remained in Gundamuck, and the reasons he gave were that he had neither ammunition nor provisions to enable him to reach Cabul or be of any use after he got there, as he would have had to fight his way; and if he remained at Gundamuck the enemy would seize Jalalabad, and thus bar the road to Peshawar, which, in that case, he would reach, if at all, after a disastrous retreat. He decided, therefore, and he was a man who shrank from all responsibility and preferred, when he could, to confine himself to obeying orders, to retreat on Jalalabad and hold it, and thus help to keep the road to India open to the Cabul force in case it found itself obliged to retire. He only came to this decision after full consultation with his officers, two of whom—Dennie and Broadfoot—were already famous Indian soldiers, and on his staff was Havelock, then a plain captain, afterwards the illustrious general who relieved Lucknow in the Mutiny, but whose counsels even in those early days had a weight with his seniors to which neither his age nor experience entitled them, so clear was his head and so bold his heart. Over Sale his influence was supreme.

On the 12th of November, 1841, ten days after the rising at Cabul, Sale accordingly evacuated Gundamuck and marched for Jalalabad, leaving behind him most of his baggage, feeling satisfied that he would have enough to do in taking care of his three hundred sick and wounded. He had no sooner left the place than his stores were plundered and his cantonments burnt, and the country rose behind him. The mountain tribes thought he would be an easy prey, and that he was making the best of his way back to India, which they determined he should never reach. They accordingly swarmed on the hill-sides on the line of march, keeping up a galling fire from their jezails, or long guns, which carried full two hundred yards further than the old smooth-bore musket of the English service, which was still the same, barring the flint-lock, with which the battles of the Peninsula war had been fought. But in the first few miles they found that they were not dealing with fugitives, but with soldiers who were more than their match even in their own style of warfare. Flanking parties drove them with slaughter from their rocky heights, and their charges on the train were repelled with a fire which at close quarters was always murderous. Finally, all stomach for fighting was taken out of them by a manœuvre of Dennie's, who, by a feigned retreat of the infantry, drew them down on an open plain in a disorderly and exultant mass, in supposed pursuit of a flying enemy, and then launched his cavalry on them in a furious charge, in which they were sabred until the troopers were weary of striking. On the following morning the force reached Jalalabad, the inhabitants of which looked on it as making all haste for Peshawar, and did not in the least expect it to occupy the town, and fled in a panic when it entered. By noon it was in full possession of the place.

The prospect, however, was a sorry one. There was a circuit of what had once been a rampart, but it was a mile and a half long, and was at no single point in a defensible condition. In many places it was barely traceable, in others so low that carts passed over it; in some it was high on the inside and presented an easy slope on the other. Houses and gardens abutted on it all round, and outside it was commanded in every direction by ruined mosques and forts and buildings of every description, from which fire could be opened at a distance of thirty yards. To put it in even decent repair seemed work enough for

two months for ten thousand men, and it would apparently have needed twenty thousand men to man it effectually. Sale had not more than two thousand five hundred men all told; few or no tools; only two days' provisions, and a scanty supply of ammunition. After a few hours' debate as to whether he should attempt to hold the town or retire into the citadel, for which he had force enough, it was resolved to stay in the town at all hazards, if for no other reason, for the sake of the moral effect. The houses and gardens outside were so strongly occupied by the enemy that during the first night the troops were unable to stay at their posts. The next day everybody went to work. Wood and iron were obtained by pulling down old houses; spades and pickaxes were collected, and the process of clearing out the ditch began. Within three days, however, a large force of the enemy, estimated at five thousand, had collected outside, hurling threats and defiance, and keeping up a desultory fire, which compelled the garrison on the 16th to take decided measures with them. Eleven hundred men of all arms suddenly dashed out and fell upon them, and they fled panic-stricken, suffering heavily from the cavalry in the pursuit. After this there were two weeks of quiet, during which provisions were collected in considerable quantities and good progress made with the fortifications. By the 1st of December the enemy had collected again, and another sortie was made on them, this time by Dennie, who defeated them again with great slaughter without the loss of a single man. By the middle of December the place was in a reasonable state of defence, and the garrison were in good health and high spirits. But rumors began to come that things were not going well down in Cabul, though neither officers nor men could bring themselves to believe that such a force as Elphinstone had would find real difficulty in dealing with the undisciplined hordes whom they scattered so easily at Jalalabad. Sale and Havelock knew the whole dismal truth, but they kept it to themselves. At last, however, the news got out that the British had capitulated; then in quick succession came the startling report that Mac-Naghten had been murdered and that the whole force was going to try to retreat on Jalalabad, with the expectation of being attacked on the way. Then came an order to evacuate Jalalabad signed by Mac-Naghten's successor, Pottinger, and by General Elphinstone, which Sale submitted in consternation to a council of the officers and decided to disobey. Dennie now predicted that the garrison of Cabul would be destroyed, and that only one man would survive to bring the news. The work on the fortifications was continued under the most sickening suspense, and by the middle of January the place was fairly enclosed. On the morning of the 15th the garrison were still toiling away with axe and shovel, their arms piled close by, when the sentinel reported a solitary white-faced horseman as coming slowly across the plain from the entrance of the pass on the Cabul side. A great fear fell on all. Tools were laid down, glasses produced, and the rampart crowded with anxious spectators of his tottering progress. For it was soon seen that he was wounded by the way he leaned on his pony's neck, and it was soon seen, too, that the pony itself was on its last legs, and it seemed doubtful whether it could carry him to the gate. The silence was broken by Colonel Dennie's calling out: "Did I not say so; here comes the messenger!" A party of cavalry were sent out to help in the fugitive. It was Dr. Brydon, and he told the horror-stricken crowd in a faint voice that he believed he was the sole survivor of the Cabul force. The first shock of surprise over, patrols were sent out to scour the neighborhood in the hope of picking up other fugitives, and all through the night the bugles were loudly blown on the ramparts as a signal that refuge was near; but no more came in. The few who had escaped massacre were prisoners.

Having done what they could for their unhappy comrades, the Jalalabad garrison returned anxiously to the work of providing for their own safety, for it was plain that the enemy would soon be down on them in great force and flushed with victory. When they would be relieved they did not know. One attempt to rescue them by a small force under General Wild had failed in the Khybar Pass, and Akhbar Khan, they heard, was organizing an army thirty miles away to assail them. Foraging for provisions was carried on in the neighborhood more actively than ever. Two hundred Afghans who formed part of the garrison were dismissed through fear of treachery. An order from old Shah Soojah, who was still nominally reigning at Cabul, though in the hands of the Afghan chiefs, to evacuate the place was disregarded, and the finishing touches were given to the fortifications. On the 18th of February Akhbar Khan was reported to be near at hand, but the town was surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep and twelve feet wide, and by a parapet seven feet high. The forts and old walls and gardens had been cleared away on the out-

side, the ravines filled and the groves cut down, and the gates covered by outworks. On the 19th there was a sound as of thunder; the earth shook, the houses rocked, and in a few seconds a third of the town was in ruins; the parapet and several of the bastions were destroyed, and the Cabul gate was a mass of débris. An earthquake had destroyed a large part of the labor of three months. The shocks had hardly ceased when the working parties began again, and by the end of ten days had repaired the worst of the damage.

Akhbar Khan was all this time but a few miles away; but he had resolved not to besiege, but to blockade. So he gradually drew his circle closer about the place, drove in the foraging parties, and prevented the entrance of supplies from the country around. Some of the officers had thought of the horrid possibility that he might, barbarian as he was, try to terrify Sale into surrender by bringing up Lady Sale and her daughters, and threatening them under his eyes; and some one finally ventured to prepare him for it by mentioning it. The old man's frame, it is said, shook with emotion, and he muttered that if he did "he would open on them with every gun in the place." On the 11th of March Sale made a sortie, but could not bring on an engagement, and the remainder of the month passed quietly, but with increasing scarcity of provisions, ammunition, and forage. Matters were rapidly reaching a crisis, and there was no positive news about the relieving force which was being organized at Peshawar under General Pollock. On the 1st of April Sale made another sortie and captured 500 sheep and goats, which assured him of meat for ten days. On the 5th came a rumor that Pollock had been defeated with great slaughter in an attempt to force the Khybar, and Akhbar Khan's guns fired a salute in honor of the alleged victory. Sale felt that, whether the news were true or false, the time had come to strike a decisive blow. Accordingly, on the 6th of April, he marched out with 860 men of his infantry in three little columns, one commanded by Havelock, one light field battery, and a small force of cavalry. The sortie was made at daybreak, and Akhbar Khan was found ready for them, his force of 6,000 strong being drawn up with his right on the river and his left on a fort. The plan of attack was Havelock's, and a slight departure from it at the outset came near entailing disastrous results; but the mistake was perceived and retrieved in time, though at the cost of Dennis's life. It was very simple and proved completely effective. The artillery advanced at a gallop on the Afghan centre and opened on it at close range, two columns of the infantry marching straight for the same point, while the other forced his left into the river. In an hour the enemy was driven from his position in wild confusion, leaving his guns, camp, and stores in the hands of the British, whose loss was only eight men killed and fifty-three wounded. Two or three days later General Pollock's army, which had forced the Khybar Pass without serious difficulty, came marching in. The band of one of the regiments of the garrison went out some miles to meet them, and played them in to the tune, "Oh! but ye've been lang o' comin'!"

There was some further fighting in the advance on the Candahar line under General Nott, but Pollock marched on in a leisurely way to Cabul without further resistance, to find the city half deserted by the inhabitants. He hoisted the British flag on the Bala Hissar and saluted it with imposing ceremonies, and by way of leaving behind an ineffaceable mark of British vengeance blew up the great stone bazaar. The old king, Shah Soojah, had by this time been assassinated by the Afghans, and his son, Futeh Jung, was afraid to reign in his stead, and begged to be taken back to India. Akhbar Khan sent in to sue for peace; the English ladies and children who had been wandering about in the Hindoo Koosh, suffering indescribable hardships and anxiety, were carried into camp by the commander of their guard, whom they had succeeded in bribing. Poor old General Elphinstone had died while with them, broken-hearted by his misfortunes, and lies buried side by side with Dennis by one of the bastions which Sale built and so well defended at Jalalabad. Then the country was evacuated by the troops in easy marches, and Dost Mohamed allowed to resume the throne without molestation. Everything seemed to go back to the *status quo*, but the war had cost thirty thousand dead and \$75,000,000. The story long continued to be told with horror, not in English homes only, but all over Europe. Several journals were published by surviving officers, one most interesting one by Lady Sale, which had an immense circulation. Brave old Sale was killed at Moodkee, in the Sikh war, four years later. Havelock lived to fulfil the promise of his splendid prime, in the mutiny of 1857, when, after forty years of brilliant service, he first obtained the command of an army in the field. General Pollock died full of years and honor in 1872, and Dr. Brydon, the survivor of the retreat, only last year.

THE NEW YEAR IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 7, 1879.

[T]will hardly be pretended this year that the English Christmas has been a merry one, or that the New Year has the promise of being particularly happy. The winter is proving very cold and vicious—as if Nature herself were loath to be left out of the general conspiracy against the comfort and self-complacency of man. The country at large has a sense of embarrassment and depression, which is brought home more or less to every class in the closely-graduated social hierarchy, and the light of Christmas firesides has by no means dispelled the gloom. Not that I mean to overdo the gloom. It is difficult to imagine any combination of adverse circumstances powerful enough to infringe very sensibly upon the appearance of activity and prosperity, social stability and luxury, which English life must always present to a stranger. Nevertheless, the times are distinctly hard—there is plenty of evidence of it—and the public spirits are not high. The depression of business is extreme and universal; I am ignorant whether it has reached so calamitous a point as that almost hopeless prostration of every industry which you have lately witnessed in America, and I believe things are by no means so bad as they have been on two or three occasions within the present century. The possibility of distress among the lower classes has been minimized by the gigantic poor-relief system which is so characteristic a feature of English civilization, and which on particular occasions is supplemented (as is the case at present) by private charity proportionately huge. I notice, too, that in some parts of the country discriminating groups of work-people have selected these dismal days as a happy time for striking. When the laboring classes are able to indulge in the luxury of a strike I suppose the situation may be said to have its cheerful side. There is, however, great distress in the North, and there is a general feeling of impecuniosity throughout the country. The *Daily News* has sent a correspondent to the great industrial regions, and almost every morning for the last three weeks a very cleverly-executed picture of the misery of certain parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire has been served up with the matutinal tea and toast. The work is a good one and, I take it, eminently worth doing, as it appears to have had a visible effect upon the purse-strings of the well-to-do. There is nothing more striking in England than the success with which an "appeal" is always made. Whatever the season or whatever the cause, there always appears to be enough money and enough benevolence in the country to respond to it in sufficient measure—a remarkable fact when one remembers that there is never a moment of the year when the custom of "appealing" intermits. Equally striking, perhaps, is the perfection to which the science of distributing charity has been raised—the way it has been studied and elaborated and made indeed a science. One perceives that it has occupied for a long time a foremost place among administrative questions, and has received all the light which immense experience and practice could throw upon it. The journal I quoted just now may perhaps, without reproach, be credited with a political *arrire-pens'e*. It would obviously like its readers to supply in this matter of the stagnation of trade the missing link between effect and cause—or the link which, if not absolutely missing, is at any rate difficult to lay one's hand upon. The majority in Parliament were not apparently of the opinion that the disorganization of business is the fault of Lord Beaconsfield; but there is no doubt that it is a misfortune for the Conservative party that this bad state of things coincides very much with its tenure of office. When an Administration may be invidiously described as "restless," "reckless," and "adventurous," and when at the same time business is very bad and distress increasing, it requires no great ingenuity to represent the former fact as responsible for the latter.

I have spoken of the rigor of the time in the lower walks of English life; and it is not out of place to say that among those happier people who stand above the reach of material incommodity, the Christmas season has been overshadowed, sentimentally—or, at least, conventionally—by the death of Princess Alice. If I had written to you at the moment this event occurred I should have been tempted to make some general reflections upon it, and it is even now perhaps not too late to say that there was, to an observer, something very interesting and characteristic in the manner in which the news was received. Roughly speaking, it produced much more commotion than I should have expected; the papers overflowed with articles on the subject, the virtues of the deceased lady and the grief of the Queen were elaborately commemorated; many shops, on the day of the Princess's funeral, were partially closed, and the whole nation, it may be said—or the whole of what professes in any degree

whatever to be "society"—went into mourning. There was enough in all this to make a stranger consider and interrogate; and the result of his reflections would, I think, have been, that, after all statements are made, the monarchy has still a great hold upon the affections of the people. The people takes great comfort in its royal family. The love of social greatness is extraordinarily strong in England, and the royal family appeals very conveniently to this sentiment. People in the immense obscurity of that middle-class which constitutes the bulk of the English world like to feel that they are related in some degree to something that is socially great. They cannot pretend that they are related to dukes and earls and people of that sort; but they are able to cultivate a certain sense of being related to the royal family. They may talk of "our" princes and princesses—and the most exalted members of the peerage may do no more than that; they may possess photographs of the Queen's children, and read of their daily comings and goings, with an agreeable sense of property, and without incurring that reproach of snobbishness which sometimes attaches to too eager an interest in the doings of the great nobility. There is no reason to suppose that the Queen takes the humorous view of this situation; her Majesty is indeed credited with a comfortable, motherly confidence in the salutary effect of the court-circles upon the mind of the middle-class; and there is a kind of general feeling that, socially speaking, the Queen and the middle-class understand each other. There was something natural, therefore, in the great impression made by the death of a princess who was personally known but to an incalculably small proportion of the people who mourned for her, and on whose behalf propriety would have resented the idea that she could be personally missed. It is nevertheless true that Lord Beaconsfield is felt to have overdone his part very egregiously, in announcing the event to the House of Lords in language in which he might have proclaimed some great national catastrophe. I was told by a person who was present that the House felt itself to be completely at the mercy of his bad taste—that men looked at each other with a blush and a kind of shudder, and asked each other what was coming next. He remarked, among other things, that the manner in which the Princess Alice had contracted her fatal illness (her tender imprudence in kissing her sick children) was an act worthy to be commemorated in art—"in painting, in sculpture, and *in gems*." I have heard these two last words wittily quoted in illustration of his Semitic origin. An ordinarily florid speaker would have contented himself with saying "in painting and in sculpture." The addition "in gems" betrays the genius of the race which supplies the world with pawnbrokers.

I left town a short time before Christmas and went to spend the festive season in the North, in a part of the country with which I was unacquainted. It was quite possible to absent one's self from London without a sense of sacrifice, for the charms of the metropolis during the last several weeks have been obscured by peculiarly atrocious weather. It is, of course, a very old story that London is foggy, and this simple statement is not of necessity alarming. But there are fogs and fogs, and these murky visitations, during the present winter, have been of the least tolerable sort. The fog that draws down and absorbs the smoke of the housetops, causes it to hang about the streets in impenetrable density, forces it into one's eyes and down one's throat, so that one is half-blinded and quite sickened—this atmospheric abomination has been much more frequent than usual. Just before Christmas, too, there was a heavy snow-storm, and even a tolerably light fall of snow has London quite at its mercy. The emblem of purity is almost immediately converted into a sticky, lead-colored mush, the cabs skulk out of sight or take up their stations before the lurid windows of a public-house, which glares through the sleepy darkness at the desperate wayfarer with an air of vulgar bravado. This state of things in the London streets made a rather sorry Christmas, though I believe the Christmas hearth is supposed to burn the more brightly in proportion as the outer world is less attractive. The wonderful London shops were, of course, duly transfigured, but they seemed to me, for the most part, to have an aspect of vain expectation, and I hear that their proprietors give a melancholy account of the profits of the season. It was only at a certain charming little French establishment in Bond Street that I observed any great activity—a little chocolate shop where light-tingered young women from Paris dispense the most wonderful bonbons.

To keep one's self in good humor with English civilization, however, one must do what I alluded to just now—one must go into the country; one must limit one's horizon, for the time, to the spacious walls of one of those admirable homes which at this season overflow with hospitality and good cheer. By this means the result is triumphantly attained—these are

conditions that you cordially appreciate. Of all the great things that the English have invented and made a part of the glory of the national character, the most perfect, the most characteristic, the one they have mastered most completely in all its details, so that it has become a compendious illustration of their social genius and their manners, is the well-appointed, well-administered, well-filled country-house. The grateful stranger makes these reflections—and others besides—as he wanders about in the beautiful library of such a dwelling on an inlement winter afternoon just at the hour when five-o'clock tea is impending. Such a place and such a time abound in agreeable episodes; but I suspect that the episode from which, a fortnight ago, I received the most ineffaceable impression was but indirectly connected with the charms of a luxurious fireside. The country I speak of was a populous manufacturing region, full of tall chimneys and afflicted with a carboniferous atmosphere. A lady had made a present of a Christmas-tree to the children of a workhouse, and she invited me to go with her and assist at the distribution of the toys. There was a drive through the early dusk of a very cold Christmas Eve, followed by the drawing-up of a lamp-lit brougham in the snowy quadrangle of a grim-looking charitable institution. I had never been in an English workhouse before, and this one transported me, with the aid of memory, to the early pages of 'Oliver Twist.' We passed through certain cold, bleak passages, to which an odor of suet-pudding, the aroma of Christmas cheer, failed to impart an air of hospitality; and then, after waiting a while in a little parlor appertaining to the superintendent, where the remainder of a dinner of by no means eleemosynary simplicity and the attitude of a gentleman asleep with a flushed face on the sofa seemed to effect a tacit exchange of references, we were ushered into a large, frigid refectory, chiefly illumined by the twinkling tapers of the Christmas-tree. Here there entered to us some hundred and fifty little children of charity, who had been making a copious dinner, and who brought with them an atmosphere of hunger memorably satisfied—together with other traces of the occasion upon their pinnafores and their small red faces. I have said that the place reminded me of 'Oliver Twist,' and I glanced through this little herd for an infant figure that should look as if it were cut out for romantic adventures. But they were all very prosaic little mortals. They were made of very common clay indeed, and a certain number of them were idiotic. They filed up and received their little offerings, and then they compressed themselves into a tight infantine bunch, and, lifting up their small, hoarse voices, directed a melancholy hymn toward their benefactress. The scene was a picture I shall not forget, with its curious mixture of poetry and sordid prose—the dying wintry light in the big, bare, stale room; the beautiful Lady Bountiful, standing in the twinkling glory of the Christmas-tree; the little multitude of staring and wondering, yet perfectly expressionless, faces.

•LES MIRABEAU.—II.

PARIS, December 22, 1878.

I HAVE always felt, I must confess, a great partiality for the father of Mirabeau, the Marquis, commonly called "L'Ami des hommes." It was founded merely upon the study of his book, which I found many years ago in a box on the Quai Voltaire. This work, now so well forgotten, seemed to me written in a strange, often pathetic, always vigorous style. The author appeared to me to be a sort of rural Saint-Simon, an aristocrat of the farm, not of the court—one of those types of country gentlemen which are common even now in England, men who are really of the people, among the people, and for the people, and imbued at the same time with the most delicate traditions of honor and of ancestral pride. I cannot imagine anything more eloquent than some passages of the treatise on "Population," which made the reputation of the Marquis, nor a more pungent, original style, especially when you remember that the book was written in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the literary world was under the mild, commonplace, conventional influence of the literary school of Dorat, of St.-Lambert, of Crébillon (the son). Society was in a sort of fool's paradise. Philosophy itself, in order to spread its new creed, was obliged to conceal its teaching in licentious verses, in novels, in epigrams. Mirabeau was the eloquent advocate of agriculture at a time when the nobility abandoned its estates and lived at court. He is considered as the disciple of the famous Doctor Quesnay, the chief of the school of economists who called themselves *physiocrats*. But he was not only his disciple. He published his famous work on "Population" in 1756, many years before Quesnay (who was Madame de Pompadour's physician) had become widely known. As soon, however,

as the Marquis de Mirabeau knew Quesnay, and had become acquainted with his ideas, he renounced voluntarily all claims to originality and gave himself out as the apostle of his friend. Mirabeau's notoriety is anterior to that of Quesnay, and Quesnay owed much to Mirabeau, who was the first to proclaim the merits of the author of the 'Tableau Économique.'

Victor Riqueti, Marquis de Mirabeau, called "L'Ami des hommes," was born the 4th of October, 1715, at Pertuis, not far from the ancestral seat of his family. He was educated in the most rigid manner by his father, who was convinced (like the father of Chateaubriand) that all demonstration of sensibility or familiarity ought to be banished between parents and children. Chateaubriand tells us in the most graphic manner, in his 'Mémoires d'outre-Tombe,' what his youth was in the Château de Combourg. Such was the youth of the young Mirabeau. He was sent to the Jesuits for a short time, and then to the army.

"My father sent me away very suddenly," he says, "at the end of 1729 [he was consequently only fourteen years old]. Until the carriage arrived he made me read a book; when he heard the carriage he stopped me. 'There,' said he, 'is your carriage; good-bye, my son; be wise, if you wish to be happy.' And I went out as I should have done any other day."

In 1731 the young soldier was placed in a military academy in Paris. He was of a brutal disposition, like all the Mirabeaus, and himself tells how, after "astonishing excesses" and a grave malady, he "threw himself out of this train of debauchery into which his vanity more than his taste had thrown him." He continued, however, to spend his evenings at the theatre, where he made much noise, after the fashion of the time; so much so that he was known as "le chevalier tapageur." He fell in love with a young actress, who became famous under the name of Dangeville. His father sent him to a regiment in Besançon to cure him of his folly. At the age of eighteen he took part in the campaign of 1734, which gave Lorraine to France. After the war he returned to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Vauvenargues, who was not yet known. Vauvenargues was an officer, like himself, who had renounced at the age of twenty-eight the military career, on account of his bad health. He tried, without success, to enter into the diplomatic career, and only published in 1746, a year before his death, the book which made his name immortal, and will always give him a place close by our glorious moralists, Montaigne, Larocheftoucauld, Labruyère, and Pascal. Mirabeau loved Vauvenargues and understood his genius. The correspondence of these two men is one of the most interesting chapters of the work of M. de Loménie.

When Mirabeau's father died he was left with a fortune of 27,500 francs, out of which he had to pay 11,500 francs to his mother and his two brothers. With the difference, 16,000 francs, he was at that time considered rich. He had a good name; he married Mlle. de Vassan, the daughter of a president at the Cour des Comptes of Paris. He did not know her; he had never seen her when he made his offer; he did not know his mother-in-law; the dower was not a capital, but an annuity hardly sufficient for the expenses of his wife. M. de Vassan was rich, and the young Mirabeau married his fortune in imagination. He was ambitious of fortune, and desired to make of "a house of Provence" a "house of France." Mirabeau wrote afterwards in one of his letters to his brother, the Bailiff: "The twenty years during which I lived with my wife were twenty years of nephritic colic." The expression is rather strong. The two characters were quite incompatible; still, they lived together during twenty years. Mirabeau was possessed with a feverish activity. His domestic quarrels were not enough for him, nor his continuous speculations in land, in houses (he contrived to ruin himself completely in the end); he was utopian in the management of his personal affairs; he became utopian in state matters. "I was," he declared, "no more an economist than a cat when the strength of my temper made me write 'L'Ami des hommes.'"

I will give here the summary of the chapters of this book as I find it in the original edition, vol. i.:

"Society and wealth—The measure of subsistence is the measure of population—Agriculture, which alone multiplies the means of subsistence, is the first of arts—Advantages of France with regard to agriculture—What makes agriculture languish—Of the necessity and the means of encouraging agriculture—The uses of the land depend on the usages of men—Work and money."

In the second volume the chapters run thus:

"What foreign commerce is; its necessity; on what plan it ought to be conducted—Communications and ports—The military navy, how it can become flourishing; how it ought to be limited—Prohibitions—Colonies—Peace and war—Résumé of the whole work."

The résumé itself concludes with these short sentences:

"True wealth consists *only* in population; population depends upon subsistence; subsistence is only drawn from the earth; the product of the soil depends on agriculture; therefore all other means—commerce, gold, the arts and sciences—serve to establish a decided and independent prosperity only on condition that they vivify, encourage, and enlighten agriculture, the first, the most useful, the most innocent, and the most precious of arts."

You see at once how much these ideas are at variance with the present school of political economy, which is founded upon the notion of credit, of exchange, of circulation, of ideal values. The style of the 'Ami des hommes' is at times very striking. The friend of humanity attacks with violence the great landlords who live in Paris and have abandoned their impoverished estates. He has passages against those who prefer money, wealth, municipal luxury to land, worthy of the greatest writers. He is in favor of a strong social hierarchy: he considers religion as the greatest force of a well-organized state; he does not approve of debts—of the debts of the state any more than of others; he goes for absolute liberty of trade within and without the frontiers; he is a free-trader before free-trade is invented. His political code is embodied in five maxims: 1st, love and honor agriculture; 2d, throw back from the centre to the extremities what you draw now from the extremities to the centre; 3d, despise luxury and exaggeration of expense; 4th, honor virtue and talent, and don't pay them; 5th, lower the rate of interest and pay the debts of the state. When he says curtly that virtue and talent ought not to be paid, he means that money ought not to be a standard of consideration: "As soon as a profession is valued only by its salary, the soldier who receives five sous a day will be less than a lackey, and the officer less than a groom."

I must cite here what I consider one of the finest passages of Mirabeau, in favor of the poor gentry:

"The style of life of our old gentry, who drank too much, slept on old chairs or mattresses, rode and hunted early—that sort of life made few musicians, fewer geometers, poets and court-actors; but there was no need of the nobility for that. This nobility, leading a gay and hard life, cost the state very little, and produced more by its residence and its manure on the nourishing mother earth than we can give it now by our taste, our fancies, our colics, and our vapors. They knew nothing in comparison with us; for we know the rules of the theatre, the differences between the French and the Italian music; we judge the geometers; we make lectures on anatomy and botany; we understand carriages, varnish, snuff-boxes, porcelain; we are not ignorant of the art of lying, nor of intrigue, nor of business, nor of the art of begging, nor of red heels, nor what is the worth of our neighbor's money. They put all their wisdom in seven or eight articles: to respect religion, never to lie, to keep a word given, to do nothing mean, to suffer no insult, to keep a horse to the right foot (*mettre un cheval sur le bon pied*), to know the scent, to fear neither hunger nor thirst, neither heat nor cold. These people, however, were not incapable at times of helping the state; they had even rather fine ideas on true glory, prejudices which our philosophy has replaced by calculations more useful for the individual than for the public. Take, for instance, Henri IV., who was brought up and lived, till he became grey, as a true country gentleman: well, Henri IV. did his work of king about as well as another."

Is not this very savory and refreshing? How many passages like this I might cite! The theories of "land against money" or "money against land" will be forgotten when such pages will still be read with much pleasure.

I will not enter into the laborious account of the quarrels of Mirabeau, the father, with all his family, with his wife, with his terrible son. His life was a titanic life, full of effort, of struggles without glory, of miserable and deplorable mistakes. He fell like a Titan; he was overworked, overstrained; his only consolation was the affection of his good brother. He died having hardly witnessed the glory of his son, who had never been to him but an enemy. The relations of these two men, who had something monstrous in their natures, is a very curious study for the moralist; but it is so painful that I must refer my readers to the work of De Loménie.

Correspondence.

"COURT CIRCLES" AND GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paragraph on my letter to the Manchester *Examiner* you somewhat mistake my meaning. Perhaps I did not express it clearly.

I do not imagine that the mere establishment of a court at Ottawa is likely to embroil Canada with the United States. But I think that if, by

the influence of that court and other influences of the same kind, Canada is made the seat of a social sentiment strongly antagonistic to the democracy of the United States, trouble to the inhabitants of this continent may ultimately be the result, just as trouble resulted from the social antagonism created by slavery between the Northern and the Southern States.

The existence of anti-republican or non-republican elements among your people is the very thing that constitutes the danger. It is in the hope that your account of the state of sentiment among Americans is true that British Toryism, now flushed with victory, makes this first attempt to propagate monarchy and aristocracy in the New World. I suppose, however, in spite of your somewhat ominous words—ominous because political institutions do not long survive social sentiments—that a large portion of your people are still true to democracy; and if so, with them an embroilment and a struggle may eventually take place.

Yours faithfully, GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, Jan. 13, 1879.

ENCROACHING ON THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on the "Federal Judiciary" of the 2d inst. you have erroneously confounded the nature and purpose of a bill introduced in the House by myself with one which Senator Garland, of Arkansas, has presented in the Senate. By examination it will be seen that the purpose of my bill is to repeal the law authorizing *removal of causes from State courts into Federal courts*, and does not in any degree whatever prevent or interfere with the right to sue in the Federal courts, or with the privilege of bringing suits in the United States by any parties now entitled by law to do so, against cities, towns, counties, or individuals. Without expressing any opinion here of Senator Garland's bill or of your criticism upon it, I desire to call your attention to the distinction between the two bills, and to the fact that your observations are inapplicable to the bill I have introduced.

My high opinion of the usual fairness with which questions are discussed in your very ably-conducted journal, convinces me that you have not intended to improperly characterize this measure. I beg leave to present you with the enclosed copy of my remarks in the House, embracing the bill to which I refer. Should you feel further interest in this subject, you may from these remarks understand the reasons which have influenced my action.

Very respectfully, etc.,

R. W. TOWNSHEND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1879.

[Our language of which complaint is made was, "And here it is well enough to observe that Congressman Townshend, of Illinois, has introduced a bill in the House *quite similar* to that of Senator Garland."

A careful examination of the bills of Messrs. Garland and Townshend shows that, while the former seeks to divest the United States courts of their primary jurisdiction over cities, towns, villages, counties, and other municipal or public corporations, at the suits of non-residents; and also over one important class of cases (to which foreign insurance companies are parties defendant) now removable from the State courts, the latter, as stated by its author, aims to deprive them of all business now transferable from State courts. There is a difference, but it is a difference of degree rather than of principle or policy. In their general tendency the two measures would seem to be not only "quite similar," but identical. Indeed, so accordant are they in spirit and motive that lawyers would say they "run together on all fours." Both seek to diminish in material and, in part, identical points the jurisdiction and authority of the Federal courts.

The right to transfer from State to Federal courts causes to which citizens of different States are parties was conferred by Congress as far back as 1789, and has existed ever since. It was legislatively bestowed almost immediately on the adoption of the Constitution, because it was understood to be one of those contemplated in that instrument, which expressly provides, in defining the authority of the Federal judiciary (section ii., article iii.), that "the judicial power shall extend," among other cases mentioned, to controversies "between citizens of different States." The reason for the

provision is clear enough. Realizing that State tribunals were liable to be largely under the control of local influences and interests, as has often proved to be the case, especially when municipal and other corporations were parties to suits, the Constitution aimed to give parties litigant, no matter where residing, an opportunity for impartial justice, by opening to them the doors of courts to which they were equally related. But if Mr. Townshend's bill were to become a law, a citizen of New York who might come under the jurisdiction of a local court of Illinois, either by being temporarily there in person or by having property within it, would be compelled to abide by that court's decision at the suit of an Illinois citizen, the Constitution of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding.

But what gives the bills of Messrs. Garland and Townshend their principal interest is, not the shades of difference between them, whether more or less distinct, but the fact that both represent a movement to cripple, if not degrade, the Federal courts, at a time when its success would involve the loss of many millions of money, as well as important principles of inter-sectional policy. It so happens that at this time the financial interests of leading portions of the country—many of them already subjects of legal controversy, or likely to become such—are not in accord. The East, having measurably completed its local public improvements, has had a surplus of capital to invest. The West, having its railroads to build and its lands to open up and improve, with comparatively little wealth of its own, has been under the necessity of borrowing largely. The result is that the West now finds itself heavily indebted to the East, its liabilities being represented to a very considerable extent by mortgages upon its farms, and by municipal securities that are liens upon the taxable resources of its cities, counties, and towns. To enforce these liabilities it has in many instances, in consequence of attempted repudiation, been necessary to have recourse to the courts. In the proceedings thus instituted the local opposition has often been so strong and bitter that the local courts have been unable to withstand it. Under such circumstances the Federal courts, in consequence of occupying a more independent position, have been called upon to assume jurisdiction. To take from them the powers they now exercise in this regard, as is to a greater or less degree the purpose of both the bills referred to, it is not too much to say would amount to a practical cancellation of a very large portion—possibly the larger portion—of the indebtedness of the West to the East, because, while the legal liability might remain, it would be non-enforceable. That is the whole story.—ED. NATION.]

"THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just had my attention drawn to what seems to me a gratuitous insult, in a recent number of your paper. Your dramatic critic has thrown out a wanton insinuation that I have been guilty of literary theft, without offering the slightest evidence of the fact, or naming the French play from which, as he intimates, my own play, "The Banker's Daughter," has been drawn. In 1874 the London *Times* made a similarly vague suggestion concerning the play of "Saratoga." I wrote to the editor denying the implied charge, and saying that so serious an accusation should, in common justice, leaving courtesy out of the question, be accompanied by the name of the play from which mine had been stolen, with a specific account of the resemblances; and until that could be done the slightest insinuation of such an offence should be withheld. The *Times* published my letter accompanied by an editorial apology. I wish to enter a formal and absolute denial of your critic's charge; and I am confident of receiving as ample justice from an American publication as I did from an English journal. The crime of dramatic robbery has become a very common one, in both England and America; but I do not think our familiarity with it justifies any one in treating it as a trifling matter, by accusing another of it lightly and without definite proof.

Very respectfully yours, BRONSON HOWARD.
DETROIT, January 11, 1879.

[We did not accuse Mr. Howard of "literary theft," because we expressly stated that a controversy was raging between him and

several unknown writers as to the authorship of the play in question. This fact being notorious, we simply remarked: "The 'Banker's Daughter' is a trifle more American than most plays of its class, yet if it does not turn out, *at some remove*, to have a French origin, we shall be greatly surprised."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

WE regret to record the sudden death on Monday of Mr. J. Blair Scribner, head of the house of Charles Scribner's Sons and the allied firms. Mr. Scribner was the oldest son of the late Charles Scribner, and only twenty-eight years of age. We are sure that we do but echo the sentiment of the community when we express the hope that this sad event will not seriously affect the great publishing house which had descended to the second generation under such favorable auspices.—Lee & Shepard are about to issue 'Midnight Marches through Persia,' by Henry Ballantine; and 'Spiritual Manifestations,' by the Rev. Charles Beecher.—Houghton, Osgood & Co. send us volumes three and four of the *American Architect*, bound in one, and presenting a very handsome appearance. This excellent periodical leaves nothing to be desired on the part of its conductors, but one might wish the profession to take a more lively interest in it, at least as contributors.—The Messrs. Rivington, London, send us the volume for 1878 of their illustrated quarterly called the *Church Builder*, devoted to church extension in England and Wales, in connection with the Church Building Society. Besides the accounts of new churches built in whole or in part by the Society, it contains interesting papers on kindred subjects. One reads with interest the remarks of Mr. Armitage on Mural Painting, delivered before a general conference of architects held by the British Institute of Architects, together with the substance of a debate which followed. There are essays on the Palestine Survey Expedition and on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and a long discussion of church restoration, all of which are good reading. The *Church Builder* may, therefore, be looked upon as a journal, in little, of art and archaeology, not without its value for the student and the general reader.—Apropos of church-building, we observe in the London *Times* a protest by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid against the proposed destruction of Haworth Church, in which Charlotte and Emily Brontë lie buried, in order to make way for a more commodious and convenient structure, to suit the present rector's ideas.—The issue of the *Art Interchange* for January 8 has been made the beginning of a new volume. The journal has been enlarged in size, and its departments reduced in number—a double advantage. Its special correspondence of art news, and its notes and queries, are perhaps its most valuable features. Announcement is made of the condition of the select Lending Library of the Society of Decorative Art, and of the very liberal terms on which books may be borrowed and returned by mail. The more costly and bulky works can naturally only be consulted at the Society's rooms, No. 34 East Nineteenth Street.—Macmillan & Co. have issued Part V. of Dr. Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians.' It includes among composers Féétis, John Field, Flotow, Robert Franz, Gade, Gluck, Gounod, Grétry, and even Franklin (on account of the "musical glasses") and Frederic the Great, "a distinguished amateur"; among singers and performers, J. B. Faure, Karl Formes, the Garcias, Arabella Goddard, and Grisi; among instruments, the flageolet, flute, French horn, grand piano, guitar; among famous songs and operas, "Charmante Gabrielle," "Greensleeves," "God Save the King," "Fidelio," and "Götterdämmerung." The most elaborate technical article is on Form. Under *Grand Prix de Rome* there is a complete list of the grand prizes awarded for music by the Académie des Beaux-Arts, 1803-77.—We are satisfied, on re-examination, that we exaggerated the number of errors in Mr. Sewall's 'Latin Speaker' (*Nation*, No. 703). When we said it contained "hundreds" we used a reprehensibly loose expression for a great number. There are, in fact, far too many—enough to justify our censure.—The republication, by Paul Gaffarel, of André Thevet's 'Les singularitez de la France antarctique' is worthy the notice of collectors of Americana. Although the original, published in 1558, is very rare, the present reprint makes no pretence to be an *édition de luxe*. The editor frankly admits that Thevet was often incorrect when he went beyond his own personal observation, that he was far from profound, that his style is poor; yet he asserts "that without 'Les singularitez de la France antarctique' a number of valuable particulars in regard to America would never have been rescued from oblivion." It is singular that Harrisse, an

undoubted authority in American bibliography, has omitted to mention it in his 'Notes pour servir à l'histoire de la Nouvelle France,' though it contains much material relating to Canada as well as to Brazil. Some of the quaint engravings found in De Bry's famous compilation appear in this volume as woodcuts and reduced in size.—The German papers announce the approaching publication of a work on the Philosophy of Universal History by the venerable Leopold von Ranke, and the first volume of Treitschke's 'German History in the Nineteenth Century,' in which the period embracing the Peace of Vienna is treated.—A valuable diary, 'Unter der Pariser Commune,' has been published by Wilhelm Lauser, of the staff of the Vienna *Presse* (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot). It forcibly portrays the chief Communistic leaders.—The Smith Female College, at Northampton, Mass., has lately been spending a part of its income in collecting American pictures. The selections are making by the President, Mr. Seelye, and the newly appointed Art-Professor, Mr. Champney, who will perhaps henceforth drop his well-known diminutive of "Champ." Pictures already bought are Coleman's "The Desert," lately seen in the Decorative Art Society's exhibition; a cattle-piece by J. M. Hart, exhibited last season at the Academy; Swain Gifford's "Old Orchard near the Sea"; with Sartain's "Narcissus," and possibly his "Arab Coffee-house in Algiers."

—We have received from Mr. B. F. Stevens, London, three recent specimens of the admirable work of the Chiswick Press, of which he is manager. One, to begin with the smallest, is a 32mo reprint of 'Divine Breathings; or, A Pious Soul Thirsting after Christ in a Hundred Pathetical Meditations,' of which a fifteenth and the only known original edition was published in London in 1775. In respect of size and of the title-page, at least, this may be called a fac-simile, but the little volume is less remarkable for its typography than for the novel binding; the covers, inside and out, being stamped with gilt or printed with colored ink in a pretty vine pattern, of which endless variations suggest themselves. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the American publishers of this pious vade-mecum, in violent contrast with which, both as to contents and garb, are M. Louys Gladys two temptations to the bibliophile, namely, the Abbé Prévost's 'Manon Lescaut,' and Amyot's old version of 'Daphnis et Chloé,' to each of which M. Alexandre Dumas, fils, furnishes a preface. These volumes are genuine trophies of the Press. Their form is well chosen for the hand (4×6 in.), and 250 of the 333 copies printed are upon Turkey-Mill paper of beautiful quality. Each edition has its peculiarity of imprint, making it unique. The 'Manon Lescaut' has a delicate red line between the running-title and the text, both of which are in black ink. Red is used elsewhere, on the title-page, for the initial letters, and for certain quoted passages in the preface; but the red line was, M. Gladys declares, never thought of before since books began to be made and adorned. It certainly lends great elegance to the page. The distinctive peculiarity of 'Daphnis et Chloé' is one much more trying to the pressman, for it involves the separate printing in color of the stops, even to hyphens, and apostrophes. This is true only of a limited portion of the volume—in fact, of the title-page, *avis*, and preface, and of the running-titles. But the entire text is in blue for the body color, plentifully interspersed with passages or even sentences and words in red. The blue by itself we have found not disagreeable to the eye; the combination not very restful. However, the *édition Gladys* is not meant so much for readers as for collectors, and it is just as well that it should be so and that the edition should be limited. M. Alexandre Dumas expressly warns off a large class of readers, the young of both sexes, leaving their elders to judge if he be not right in praising the pagan 'Daphnis et Chloé' for its Christian graces, and declaring its God to be preferable to the God of 'Paul et Virginie'; so that mankind would fare better (supposing the race to spring up anew after another Deluge) with the former than with the latter, had these two works alone escaped destruction. This is fantastic enough, but in his introduction to 'Manon Lescaut' his morality is even queerer; and he actually contrives to make the comment more objectionable to a pure mind than the text. In short, if the bibliophiles only knew it, they have in Dumas's prefaces something more curious than the publisher's *fillet rouge* or *tirage à part*. M. Gladys's next venture in the same series is to be La Rochefoucauld's 'Maximes,' limited to twenty-two copies at fourteen dollars each! And Dumas's 'L'Homme-femme' will follow, in red and blue.

—The Annual Report of the President of Harvard College is unquestionably the most important and instructive periodical contribution to educational literature in this country. That for 1877-78, now before us, is as remarkable for its facts and its suggestions as any of its predecessors. To what other college report should we look for a discussion

of the scholarship system as judged by its practical results for twenty years; for statistics of the working of the elective experiment and the experiment of voluntary attendance at recitations; for a challenge to boarding-housekeepers in the shape of a table showing the local retail prices of provisions in 1858-9-60 and 1878; for the latest account of the progress of the examinations for women? Nor is this all that is interesting between these covers, for the heads of the several schools and departments, the Observatory, the Library, the Museum, etc., all have something to contribute to the impressive picture of the vitality of the University, and the hold which it has upon a vast and generous circle of alumni and friends. Mr. Winsor's proposal to place electric lights in the roof of the reading-room, in order to keep it open in the evening, is a type of the spirit of improvement which has of late years so transformed the institution.

—Apart from the prices of board at Memorial Hall, what will most engage the attention of parents of slender means is President Eliot's vindication of endowments in aid of poor scholars. We shall be greatly surprised if it do not also have the effect of multiplying the endowments themselves, rapidly as they have increased in the past ten years. The whole number of scholarships is now 112, and of these 32 have been added within the decade. The money paid on them during 1852-78 has been \$275,634 20, and the present annual payments amount to about \$25,000. The recipients for the twenty years 1853-72 numbered 280, of whom all graduated but seven, and all but twenty-eight survive, though eight have been "utterly lost sight of, nothing having been heard of them for years, either by the college authorities or their classmates." To the remaining 237 a circular letter was addressed by President Eliot, calling for an account of their occupation since leaving college, of their opportunities of usefulness, of their health, and of the influence of the scholarship upon their subsequent career. The answers to these questions have proved extremely interesting, and have confirmed President Eliot's belief in the public utility of this kind of endowment. He gives a number of extracts from them in illustration of the several ways in which the scholarships afford support and encouragement to those whose education depends sometimes wholly upon them. He also attenuates "the fact that very little of the scholarship money paid out since 1852 has been repaid," by referring it to a natural lack of means rather than of a sense of obligation, and by arguing that repayment may be made "in services to the college, to learning, to young men in need of like help, or to education in general." That this sort of payment has been made is evident from the table of ascertained employments, as follows: teachers for life, of all grades, 63; ministers and missionaries, 32; lawyers, 87; physicians, 19; business men, of all grades, 26; librarians, 3; journalists, 6; civil engineer, 1. Law, physic, and divinity have a notable proportion of votaries; science a notable deficiency—a fact explainable, we suppose, by the comparative ease with which a start in medicine or in legal practice or in preaching can (or could) be made, the beginner maintaining himself, while studying by teaching or otherwise. It would have been at least curious to enquire whether men who rely upon scholarships in coming to college have already a more definite choice of profession than the majority of students.

—Among the articles in the current number of the *Princeton Review* which discuss questions of the hour, that of Professor Draper on the political effect of the decline of faith in Continental Europe will be read with especial interest. His views are presented with a vigor of expression, a philosophical depth of insight, and a judicial impartiality which are decidedly impressive. At the same time we cannot but notice a fault sometimes remarked in others of his philosophic-historic writings—a dropping of the subject before the reader feels that he has quite reached the conclusion. Not only does the author draw no moral, but the reader is in doubt what moral he is expected to draw, or whether, indeed, any moral is intended or any general conclusion aimed at. In the opening pages we are led to believe that it is designed to show that Nihilism, Communism, and Socialism are all due to the decline of faith, which we naturally understand to refer to the wave of unbelief which is now sweeping over the Continent. We are then rapidly carried back to the Middle Ages, for the purpose, as the reader will suppose, of establishing this proposition. We are next shown how well the old religious system was adapted to prevent any such sentiments as those which give rise to the forms of Socialism now prevalent—a view which chimes in very well with the line of argument—and are informed categorically that it is the total extinction of religious belief which has given birth to the Nihilist, the Communist, and the Socialist. The reader now naturally expects to see the gulf of those

centuries between the Reformation and the present era of infidelity bridged over, and to be shown whether it is to the latter or to the downfall of priestly control that the evil is due. But he is entirely disappointed. He is treated first to a most striking and picturesque view of religious society and ideas in the Middle Ages, in which its cruelty and absurdity are shown in the strongest light. Then, with a few remarks of a general nature, he is abruptly left hanging in mid-air, without any definite idea of the lesson he has been taught. We are sure that every reader of the *Review* would be glad to have Dr. Draper return to the subject, and be a little more specific as to the particular decline of faith referred to. We should also hope to see him consider the apparent deduction from his premises that humanity has no choice between a barbarous suppression of free thought—a return, in fact, to the policy of the Middle Ages—and the steady growth of anarchical principles among the uneducated classes. Other articles which will attract attention are a review of the Monetary Congress and coinage legislation from the double-standard point of view, by Professor Walker, and an article by Judge Cooley on the inter-State surrender of fugitives from justice.

—The last number of the *American Law Review* contains an elaborate article on inter State extradition which shows how the notion of executive "discretion," such as that claimed in the Kimpton case by Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, has grown up. As the writer of the article, Mr. I. T. Hoague, points out, there is no evidence that at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, or for half a century later, anybody dreamt of the existence of such a right. As to the judicial view of the subject, he says: "A review of the judicial opinion upon the character of the obligation imposed upon the State and the executive shows that the courts have almost uniformly held that the duty is imperative, and that the executive has no legal right definitively to withhold a warrant when the papers are regular." The process by which State governors have gradually inflated their jurisdiction in extradition cases from the mere ministerial duty of identifying and surrendering the fugitive into the judicial function of trying and pardoning them, the trial involving an enquiry into the *motives* of the State in demanding the extradition, is a curious illustration of the dangers which are inherent in the exercise of any one's irresponsible power. Mr. Hoague seems to think that there is no remedy for the present chaotic condition of things save through the action of the States themselves; that Congress cannot interfere. He says: "There appears to be no possible way by which the question of executive discretion can come before the courts in a manner to secure a direct judicial opinion upon it." We cannot see, however, any reason why the general Government should not provide for a judicial determination of such questions as arise in extradition cases.

—The *Law Review's* article does not touch upon extradition between sovereign governments, nor on the question of the trial of fugitives for offences other than those for which they have been surrendered. We see that the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, in a case recently reported, has decided in favor of the view that such trials are contrary to the spirit and letter of our treaty with Great Britain. This view we have always maintained in these columns, and the opinion of the Kentucky court, in which the arguments pro and con. are thoroughly examined, puts the matter on the ground that we have always urged, *viz.*, that inasmuch as the whole practice of extradition rests on treaty stipulations, each country must be strictly governed by these, and, as in the Treaty of 1842 with England, there is an enumeration of extraditable crimes, to secure the surrender of a fugitive for one of these, and then to try him for a crime not extraditable, is practically a violation of the Treaty. Mr. Fish's theory that the omission of any reference in the Treaty to religious and political offences was due to the fact that a surrender for such offences was on both sides regarded as "inherently impossible," and his curious comparison of this omission to the absence in the "laws of Solon" of a punishment for the crime of parricide, is not treated with much consideration by the Kentucky court. The case in which the decision was rendered was that of a man named Hawes, indicted in Kentucky for forgery and embezzlement. He fled to Canada, and, having been extradited on the charge of forgery under the Treaty of 1842, the Kentucky prosecuting attorney undertook to try him on the indictment for embezzlement. The judges decided not only that he could not be tried for this offence but that he must be discharged from custody. This case is referred to with approval by Judge Cooley, of Michigan, in the interesting article in the *Princeton Review* referred to above, in which he discusses the subject of executive "discretion," and reaches the conclusion that the claim of State governors of a "discretionary authority

to obey or refuse to obey requisitions" is one of the chief difficulties in the process of extradition between the States. His article also contains a remark (made in reference to the Kentucky decision), which we may commend to the attention of Mr. George Bliss. "To obtain the surrender of a man on one charge, and then put him upon trial on another, is a gross abuse of the constitutional compact. We believe it to be a violation also of legal principles."

—There seems to be trouble brewing between the *Tribune* and the *World*, two newspapers which, though not always taking the same view of political questions, endeavor to treat each other, as a rule, even when engaged in what is popularly known as "controversy," with forbearance, if not deference. The *World*, for instance, has studiously refrained from touching upon the vexed question of the cipher despatches, and the same motives of delicacy which have governed its action in this case have prevented the *Tribune* from expressing any opinion upon the struggle on behalf of free municipal institutions which the *World* has been engaged in against the "Council of Four," or, in other words, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The *World* has recently made a great journalistic hit in its Christmas "prize-questions," a device for increasing its circulation and the interest of its subscribers, which, though we believe not original with it (the idea having been taken from an English paper), has proved a remarkable success. It is a well-established fact that there is no exertion which will not be made for a competitive prize, even though the amount of labor and time involved is out of all proportion to the object in view; and taking advantage of this fact the *World* has developed and brought to perfection a new branch of journalism, and, better still, of Sunday journalism. The Sunday newspaper, as those who are familiar with the journalistic world know, differs from the ordinary secular issue in containing even more food for study than the latter. Whether because it is felt that the profession ought to take a higher stand on Sunday than on other days, or because many contributions which are "crowded out" on secular days for "want of space" are found at the end of the week to be well fitted for the contemplative mood of the Sunday-reading public, the paper is certainly made on the first day of the week a very different thing from what it is on any other day. The subscriber generally finds that not only has the editor provided him with the usual amount of news, but has given him in addition an exciting tale, several poems, a number of extracts from magazines and reviews, and even information and advice on various subjects, such as the proper method of cooking particular dishes, the means of economical house-keeping, the proper behavior of persons contemplating the formation or rupture of matrimonial engagements, and so on. There is nothing more indicative of the trusted position which those who follow the profession of journalism are gradually acquiring in the community than the assumption of this advisory character by the Sunday newspaper. It is clear that it could not be successfully assumed without great mutual confidence. The *World's* "prize-questions" show how far this will go, for with the exception of the mutual trust inspired by long experience there was absolutely no guarantee of judicial fairness or impartiality in the distribution of the prizes, inasmuch as it was impossible for those who took part in the competition to tell whether they had answered such a question as "Who invented milk-punch?" or "Who wrote 'Rattle his Bones over the Stones?'" either better or worse than other unknown competitors. Yet such was the trust which the management of the Sunday *World* justly inspired that several hundred persons are understood to have entered the lists, and the distribution of the Christmas prizes is to be followed by another at Easter, the questions for which are harder and more ingenious than the first list. In fact, it may be said to be quite as remarkable that any one should be able to ask the questions as that anybody should be able to answer them. Why this well-earned professional success should have aroused the jealousy of the *Tribune* we cannot understand.

—The company which Mr. Wallack has got together for this winter at his theatre is certainly far superior to any stock company in the city, unless it be that of the Union Square; but the production of Mr. Paul Merritt's "At Last" seems almost like a wilful attempt to try the effect upon the public of a thoroughly second-rate play thoroughly well acted. The plot of "At Last" is not absolutely new: we have the familiar character of the trusted clerk in a mercantile house who is wrongly accused of a forgery which has really been committed by one of the junior members of the firm; his wife, who suspects him of infidelity to her; the forger himself, who is in love with the wife; and the two comic characters, who marry each other in the end. *Richard Roxby*, the clerk (Mr. C. F. Coghlan), disappears and is supposed to be dead: *Annie Roxby*, the wife (Miss Coghlan), thinking him dead, agrees to marry *Austin Graby*, the forger; when, of course, her husband returns under an assumed name, while at the same time *John Garland* (Mr. Wallack), who is looking for *Roxby* (as the latter supposes to hand him over to the police, but really to make clear his innocence), appears on the scene. In the end there is a reunion between husband and wife, the forger is discovered, *John Garland* marries *Mrs. Sparkleigh* (Miss Effie Germon), and all ends happily. The low comedy was furnished by Miss Germon and Mr. Floyd, who has great skill in taking the part of the imbecile lover. Mr. Wallack, as the bluff, honest, self-sacrificing *John Garland*, acted particularly well, and Miss Coghlan did as well with her part as its peculiar nature admitted. The author seems to have made the mistake which dramatists of the present day so often fall into, of imagining that a psychological study apart from action can be interesting on the stage. In a novel, where the reader has time to follow the delicate play of motives on character, and the growth of character itself, analysis may be pushed very far, as every one who is familiar with George Eliot's novels well knows. On the stage, where everything must be striking and where there is little or no possibility of the author's playing the part of chorus, the vacillation of a woman's emotions, except so far as they are closely connected with the action of the play, are of little interest. We can easily imagine *Mrs. Roxby* in a novel a very interesting character; on the stage she is chiefly enigmatical. But taking the play for granted, we have not seen better acting for some time. Mr. Wallack, whose defect is exaggeration, showed no tendency to overdoing the part of *John Garland*, and Mr. Coghlan acted that of *Roxby* with all his usual delicacy and refinement. Miss Effie Germon, too, was very strong as *Mrs. Sparkleigh*.

—To the lover of the stage the fortunes of a theatre like Wallack's are necessarily more than ordinarily interesting, because its management is generally marked by a desire, not too often apparent elsewhere, to keep up the standard of legitimate comedy. The difficulty of doing this may, in a certain sense, be gauged by the performances of such a theatre. The prevailing taste of to-day is distinctly opposed to what is commonly known as legitimate, or what used to be called "genteel," comedy, having been completely vitiated (a lover of the old drama would say) by sensation melodrama and burlesque. One great difficulty, too, in keeping up a stage devoted to it is, that there is so little in existence. For a revival the "School for Scandal" or the "Rivals," or even the "Road to Ruin," will do very well; but the attempt to keep these plays permanently alive anywhere has always of recent years failed. There are not more than a dozen modern English plays to take their place, Byron, Robertson, and Gilbert being almost the only dramatists of the last twenty-five years who have succeeded in producing dramas which have a distinct character and interest. The discovery that it is much easier to pirate or import French plays than it is to get good ones written in English has flooded the stage with the dramas of Sardou, Dumas, and other Parisian dramatists, the success of whose plays in this country is a striking proof of the non-national character of the modern theatre in English-speaking countries. If we were not perfectly familiar with the fact, it would seem incredible that one theatre (and that one of the best in the city, the Union Square) should be almost exclusively devoted to the production of new French plays. This, however, is not "legitimate" comedy: and Mr. Wallack, we believe, rigidly excludes French plays, as such, from his theatre. But the straits to which he is driven are shown by his bringing out a play like "Forbidden Fruit," which, as produced by him, was English only so far as the names of the places and people were concerned. Wallack's is, in fact, after a gallant resistance for many years, obliged to yield to a certain extent to the current, though it still does what it can to make the public taste conform to its traditions—a task which, when undertaken with a genuine modern comedy like "Ours," is generally more successful than in the case of revivals.

—The recently published report of the hearing before the City Council of the City of Cambridge on a late petition for the protection of the purity of the water-supply of that city, suggests some interesting points. The water comes from a pond on the borders of the city; and a large slaughter-house is being erected on the further side, in the adjoining town of Belmont, near enough to threaten very serious injury, and arouse great alarm. The city has no jurisdiction there, and the town of Belmont cannot see any harm in a plan that adds so much to its taxable property. The State Board of Health cannot act under the statutes creating it until damage is actually done, and the city cannot wait until the soil around the pond is poisoned. Proceedings against the nuisance by information

of the State-Attorney were not proposed. The only plan advocated was to purchase the land around the pond, and then to obtain from the legislature jurisdiction over it, with power to extinguish the ice-rights which make the spot especially suited for slaughter-houses. This indirect remedy would involve unknown but certainly very great expense, and its success would be extremely uncertain; but it was alleged to be the only way of protecting the purity of the water upon which the health of the city depends—a position full of interest to other cities whose water may be similarly endangered. Perhaps the most curious thing about the matter was that it was shown that the city had for a long time been itself doing, on a large scale, the very thing complained of in Belmont—no less than three city sewers emptying on the swampy tract immediately adjoining the pond; and that this swamp with almost no outlet, and separated from the pond only by embankments and an imperfect wooden bulkhead, had already been complained of as an intolerable nuisance by another adjoining city. The matter has been put over by the City Council to another year, and it has not apparently as yet occurred to any of the city fathers that a sewer to carry all this filth off to salt-water would have its strong points.

HODGSON'S MEMOIR.*

THE Rev. Francis Hodgson is known as the translator of Juvenal, the provost of Eton who, among other reforms which made his administration illustrious, abolished Montem, and the friend to whom Byron addressed some familiar poems. This memoir of him is written "on the principle that a man may more accurately be known by his friendships than in any other way," and since among Hodgson's friends were cultivated men like Scrope Davies, Harry Drury, and J. H. Merivale, besides Lord Denman the Chief-Justice, Lord Byron and his sister, we have here two volumes of entertaining correspondence. The new matter relating to Lord Byron, to whose affairs mainly we shall confine this notice, is especially interesting because it shows how he revealed himself to Christian friends, and the estimate they placed upon his character and conduct. Byron came to Cambridge early in 1808 to obtain his M.A. degree, and there first met Hodgson, who was a Fellow and Tutor at King's. Both were ardent disciples of Dryden and Pope, and followed similar pursuits; a closer bond existed in the fact that Hodgson had lately printed a satire upon the *Edinburgh Review*, in reply to its severe criticism of his Juvenal, and Byron was then meditating the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." A warm attachment was formed, and during Byron's absence from England on his first voyage to the East, Hodgson was his only English correspondent except his relatives, as is more than once somewhat bitterly remarked by the poet in a series of characteristic letters. Few new facts are contained in these, but they afford fresh illustration of his moods and habits while abroad. Here is a compliment to his fellow-traveller, Hobhouse: "I am for Greece, Hobhouse for England; a year together on the 2d of July since we sailed from Falmouth; I am confident that twelve months of any given individual is perfect ipecacuanha." And here is a glimpse of his Athenian life: "My domestic affairs being, moreover, considerably deranged, my appetite for travelling pretty well satiated with my late peregrinations, my various hopes in this world almost extinct and not very brilliant in the next, I trust I shall go through the process with a creditable *sang froid* and not disgrace a line of cutthroat ancestors. . . . Talking of marriage puts me in mind of Drury. . . . I will never forgive matrimony for having spoiled such an excellent bachelor. . . . My Attic feast went off with great *éclat*. I have had a present of a stallion from the Pasha of the Morea. I caught a fever going to Olympia. I was blown ashore on the island of Salamis, on my way to Corinth through the Gulf of Ægina. I have kicked an Athenian postmaster. I have a friendship with the French Consul and an Italian painter, and am on good terms with five Teutones and Cimbri, Danes and Germans, who are travelling for an academy." Again: "I am returning *home* without a hope and almost without a desire." Hodgson met him in London, and shortly after Byron enclosed to his friend the following lines, which by some strange chance have hitherto escaped publication:

" NEWSTEAD ABBEY, Aug. 26, 1811.

I.

" In the dome of my sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar like the glories of old;
It gladdens, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

* Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D., Scholar, Poet, and Divine. With numerous letters from Lord Byron and others. By his son, the Rev. James T. Hodgson, M.A. In two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1858.

II.
" Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days;
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays.
When the stars are on high and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

III.
" And the step that o'erchoes the grey floor of stone
Falls silent now, for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

IV.
" And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine the hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

V.
" And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

VI.
" And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade and too massy to fall;
It tells not of time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway."

The habitual moodiness of Byron was at this time deepened by the successive deaths of several dear friends, among them the brilliant Charles Skinner Matthews, to whose influence Byron's friends attributed much of his scepticism, and Hodgson chose this moment to press upon him the consolations of religion. The letters of Byron in reply are flippant and boyish, and contain no original statements or thought, but they form the most explicit account of his scepticism. He dwells on the fate of the heathen, and contrasts the morality of the Mussulmans he has seen with that of worldly Christianity, and says he "will have nothing to do with your immortality," being miserable enough already. He objects to the Atonement as unjust and inadequate, and continues (to quote a characteristic passage): "You degrade the Creator, in the first place, by making him a begetter of children; and in the next you convert him into a tyrant over an immaculate and injured Being who is sent into existence to suffer death for some millions of scoundrels, who after all seem as likely to be damned as ever. . . . I trust that God is not a Jew. . . . And our encrassess which are to rise again, are they worth raising? I hope, if mine is, I shall have a better *pair of legs* than I have moved on these two-and-twenty years, or I shall be sadly behind in the squeeze into Paradise. . . . *I deny nothing*, but doubt everything." Doubtless the last sentence sums up the whole matter as it then lay in his mind. It is clear that Hodgson's effort at conversion was more the act of a friend than of a clergyman, and was made with great kindness and tenderness. William Harness, who was present at Newstead with Hodgson and Byron at this period, writes: "I cannot even now, at a distance of more than fifty years, recall those conversations without a deep feeling of admiration for the judicious zeal and affectionate earnestness (often speaking with tears in his eyes) which Dr. Hodgson evinced in his advocacy of the truth." Byron says he was sincere in these letters, and there is no reason to suppose he was not; but those who believe he was insincere in his poems will find an amusing confirmation of their opinion in a note which Hodgson affixed to the "Epistle to a Friend," written to him at this time in reply to a poetical epistle of his own. When he gave the lines to Moore for publication he marked for omission the following lines, which Moore nevertheless published:

" But if in some succeeding year,
When Britain's ' May is in the sere,'
Thou hear'st of one whose deepening crimes
Suit with the gablest of the times;
Of one whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise;
One who, in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside;
One ranked in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age:
Him wilt thou *know*, and, *knowing*, pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the *cause*."

In the margin we read, "N. B. The poor dear soul meant nothing of this. F. H.," and we are reminded of Scrope Davies telling Byron a year or two before that his actions were "much more like silliness than madness." Not long after this Byron did one of the few generous acts of his life and gave Hodgson a thousand pounds to extricate him from debt, and, from Bland's account of Byron's talk over it, it appears to have been done in a spirit which it is very pleasant to know of.

Passing on to the days of the marriage of Byron, it is nearly impossible to believe, in view of this correspondence between Hodgson and Byron's sister, Augusta Leigh, that any great crime was the cause of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron. At first, as we know, all was rose-color. Hodgson writes to his future bride, "He is likely to be as happy as

I am." Immediately after the marriage Mrs. Leigh writes to Hodgson, "I think I never saw, or heard, or read of a more perfect being in mortal mould than she (Lady B.) appears to be, and scarcely dared flatter myself that such an one would fall to the lot of my dear B. He seems quite sensible of her value." These expressions of Mrs. Leigh's sense of Lady Byron's worth continue long after the separation. When the separation took place, unexpectedly to all, Mrs. Leigh summoned Hodgson to London; and he, seeing no better course, appealed to Lady Byron in two letters, of which only one remains, but both Lady Byron's replies are preserved. In his own letter he says :

"After a long and most confidential conversation with my friend (whom I have known thoroughly, I believe, for many trying years), I am convinced that the deep and rooted feeling of his heart is regret and sorrow for the occurrences which have so deeply wounded you; and the most unmixed admiration of your conduct in all its particulars, and the warmest affection. But may I be allowed to state to Lady Byron that Lord B., after his general acknowledgment of having frequently been very wrong, and, from various causes, in a painful state of irritation, yet declares himself ignorant of the specific things which have given the principal offence, and that he wishes to hear them, that he may, if extenuation or atonement be possible, endeavor to make some reply; or, at all events, may understand the fulness of these reasons which have now, and as unexpectedly as afflictingly, driven your ladyship to the step you have taken."

To this Lady Byron replies, "I married Lord Byron determined to endure everything whilst there was *any* chance of my contributing to his welfare. [So, too, Mrs. Leigh to Hodgson, "Lady B. sets about making him happy in quite the right way."] . . . My security depended on the total abandonment of every moral and religious principle. . . . The circumstances shall not be generally known while Lord B. allows me to spare him. . . . You will continue Lord Byron's friend." In her second letter she writes : "I believe the nature of Lord B.'s mind to be most benevolent. . . . In regard to any change which the future state of Lord B.'s mind might justify in my intentions, an amicable arrangement would not destroy the opening for reconciliation." Reconciliation was still possible, then, and her missionary work might begin anew. No one can read the correspondence through without deepening the impression that the separation resulted from the natural interference of two so diverse natures, that Lady Byron may have harbored some fancied wrong of which she had no certain evidence, and that Lord Byron never knew, except indirectly, what was charged upon him. As he himself said, the causes were too simple to be easily discovered. Lady Byron's character is satirically but accurately, as we believe, described in the irony of her gardener, who, "seeing a beautiful flower in full bloom on a neglected pathway, observed 'Lady Byron would have called that a weed.'" Afterward Hodgson seems to have modified his high opinion of Lady Byron. "My God! how cruel, how utterly revengeful is the letter of his *widow*," he writes to Drury. Not long after Hodgson's failure to effect a reconciliation Byron left England, and but few letters passed between the friends. Hodgson's career was brilliant and useful, but Byron's estimate of him, in a letter to Moore, is substantially just, and with it we must close this notice : "I hear that Hodgson is your neighbor, having a living in Derbyshire. You will find him an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps, too much japanned by preferment in the Church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, but a very worthy man." We were surprised to see the author of the memoir attributing the lines written in his Bible to Byron's own pen, and regretting their omission from his complete works. Byron appears to have quoted from memory, at least incorrectly, the lines,

"Within that awful volume lies, etc.,"

which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of the White Lady of Avenel ('The Monastery,' p. 213, vol. i.; Scott's Complete Works, Riverside Poets, vol. iv., p. 215).

KING'S SYSTEMATIC GEOLOGY.*

AMONG innumerable geological surveys in this country and elsewhere the exploration on the line of the fortieth parallel has, for various reasons, excited high hopes of considerable results, and particularly because it undertook to make one continuous section of the earth's crust through the broadest expansion of the American mountain system, at

right angles to the great line of mountain elevation. Such an effort, properly directed, could hardly fail to make the rocks yield their secrets, and perhaps tell the story of their birth with a clearness never yet attained. The task is now done. After more than ten years' labor, Mr. King sums up the results of his own and his associates' work in this volume on the systematic geology of the region they have surveyed. Four similar publications by his associates have already appeared, together with a series of superb maps. The present volume, last in order of time, but numbered as first in the series, is devoted to a general view of the scientific results and conclusions of the survey, all the more interesting because of Mr. King's very high reputation, in regard to which, strangely enough, the popular impression seems for once to be in accord with scientific opinion.

The book contains eight chapters, the first and sixth being respectively the introduction and the résumé of the stratigraphical geology. Between these come four chapters which form the bulk of the volume, and may be almost said to contain a practical treatise on the systematic geology of the four great periods of geological time—the Archaean or Azoic, the Palaeozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic; so complete is the picture which is offered by the region surveyed. Each of these chapters is accompanied by an exquisitely finished map, with supplementary maps of the glaciers and lakes of the glacial period. The seventh chapter deals with the subject of tertiary volcanic rocks, with a section embracing volcanic rocks in general and another map. Finally, an eighth chapter with four maps deals with the orography of the district, or the nature of its mountain elevations. Here, then, is a systematic section, covering sixteen degrees of longitude, or some eight hundred miles of contiguous mountain ranges, and disclosing all the broader divisions of geological time through not less than 125,000 feet, or more than twenty-two miles' thickness, of visible sedimentary deposits. The briefest possible summary of its results is, of course, all that can be attempted here at present.

Of the Archaean or Azoic period 60,000 feet of eruptive granites or metamorphic crystalline schists are displayed, representing an original sedimentary deposit of at least twice that thickness. The metamorphosis from sedimentary beds into crystalline schists took place before these were folded up in mountain ranges, and under the pressure of a very great thickness of material which disappeared before the Palaeozoic age, so that the division between Azoic and Palaeozoic is sharp, and even the granites which, together with the metamorphic crystalline rocks, form the Archaean bed-rock, never intrude through fissures or crevices into later deposits. The Archaean age is perfectly distinguishable and distinct from all that followed. Subjected to immense changes even in Archaean times, one single fracture or fault presenting a face of 30,000 feet, far exceeding any known recent example, the Archaean bed rock offers nevertheless so clear a boundary line as to give great simplicity to the whole geology of the region, while its features have controlled subsequent topographical features and acted as the local cause of modern mountain ranges.

Mr. King gives a conjectural section of the Archaean topography. At his eastern limit in Colorado and Wyoming the Medicine Bow and Park ranges were then, as they still are, the highest elevations. To the westward of these masses a series of depressions, broken at intervals by local elevations, extended some 600 miles to longitude 117° 30', where continuous highlands began, of unknown altitude and area, but extensive enough to be considered as a continent, and called for convenience' sake the western continent *Pacifis*. In this long stretch of 600 miles the most remarkable single feature was the sudden fault which threw up the Wahsatch range 30,000 feet above the region to the westward, making of the Wahsatch the great line of topographical and geological demarcation between the country east to the Mississippi and west to the Sierra Nevada.

What passed between the Archaean and the Palaeozoic age is unknown, but when next the record becomes intelligible a huge ocean stretched from the Pacific continent eastward, in which the summits of the Wahsatch and Medicine Bow, where they appeared at all, appeared as islands. During another indeterminable era of rest, deposits which, amounting only to about 1,000 feet in Colorado, deepened to 40,000 feet on the more rapidly subsiding coast of *Pacifis*, were laid down by the Palaeozoic ocean. Then followed the most extraordinary of all orographical phenomena. The Archaean continent *Pacifis*, which during countless ages had poured vast masses of detritus in layers ten and fifteen thousand feet thick on the Palaeozoic ocean floor, which bent and sank under the weight, now, instead of rising lighter on account of the lost material, suddenly and with a vast catastrophe sank and became the floor of a Mesozoic ocean, while at the same time the whole region to the eastward, as far as the Wahsatch,

* 'Systematic Geology.' By Clarence King, U. S. Geologist. Illustrated by twenty-eight plates and twelve analytical geological maps, and accompanied by a geological and topographical atlas. Washington : Government Printing-Office. 1878. Pp. 808.

rose above the water and became a Mesozoic continent, sending down in its turn vast masses of detritus to the westward, thus restoring the lost material to its ancient place, until, at the close of the Jurassic age, 20,000 feet of conformable sediment had accumulated upon the Archaean ocean-bed.

East of the Wahsatch this great change was not felt. A shallow sea still washed the few Archaean islands, and the Mesozoic sediment was deposited conformably on the east carboniferous strata, from the Wahsatch as far as Kansas. But while this long period of undisturbed ocean deposit continued on the eastern side to the close of the Mesozoic, another profound disturbance at the end of the Jurassic age had again elevated the region of the submerged Pacific, and, by a process of shrinkage amounting to ten per cent. of linear compression, had created long ranges of mountain peaks which rose as islands in the cretaceous ocean. This arrangement lasted until a post-cretaceous disturbance uplifted the whole region of the Cordilleras and banished the ocean from it. Since this upheaval no marine waters have even invaded that portion of our continent. Their place was taken by huge fresh-water lakes, the deposits in which mark the passage of all more recent time. The Pliocene period produced an upheaval along the old line of the Wahsatch fault, tilting the whole district on the eastward and giving it a free drainage to the sea; while on the west it left two deep depressions which, in Quaternary or recent times, received the waters of the glacial age and made the beds of two huge lakes, of which the Great Salt Lake and Carson Lake with the neighboring waters still remain. There was, however, no general glaciation, and the region had no share in the ice-bed which covered the northern part of the Appalachian continent. Its glacial system was comparatively feeble.

In all this series of movements the most remarkable are the startling vertical elevations and depressions, and especially those which occur along two lines of weakness, one at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, the other at the western base of the Wahsatch. At this latter point there is proof of an Archaean dislocation of thirty thousand feet, and an Eocene dislocation of forty thousand feet, besides smaller movements. Extreme elevation and extreme depression went together on the same weak line through geological time.

The ordinary and recognized type of depression is that of a loaded area sinking slowly into the solid earth under the gradual accretion of enormous sediments in ocean bottoms, the equilibrium of the earth's crust restoring itself by a similar slow movement of expansion elsewhere. This well-known process of subsidence is frequently seen on the fortieth parallel, but side by side with it appears a very different type—enormous faults which bear every sign of having been violent and catastrophic, indicating in one extreme case not less than eight miles of vertical movement; lines of fault permanent through eras of time such as no one would venture to express in years; continents elevated to an abnormal height, then gradually lightened by denudation of some miles of superincumbent thickness of rock, and finally suffering paroxysmal depression. Mr. King has been the first observer who has given careful study to this phenomenon, which really represents a new geological force and offers a problem so interesting that, if the laws which regulate it could be ascertained, geology might become a science in a new sense, and many of the most serious difficulties in studying past and even future changes in the earth's history might be overcome. Tremendous as the riddle is, Mr. King has undertaken to grapple with it. He suggests a possible solution which, in the want of facts that belong to the region of terrestrial thermodynamics, he does not pretend to work out with a formula. This theory will be found on pp. 700-705 of the volume. It rests on Sir William Thomson's theory of secular refrigeration, but it is far too technical to bear abbreviation, much less criticism, and we leave it to scientific periodicals to discuss.

No such difficulty stands in the way of stating Mr. King's law of the

genesis of granite. This is a merely mechanical theory, intelligible even to laymen. Sedimentary beds subjected to direct superimposed pressure powerful enough to sink them to the necessary thermal conditions become crystalline schists and gneisses. If thereupon a sufficiently powerful horizontal or tangential pressure supervenes, the previous arrangement of the strata is broken up and the beds crowded into a structureless mass, the more compact crystalline forms suffering least, the long and slender ones most; while, out of this crushed material, under the necessary conditions of heat and tangential pressure, granite is formed.

The most satisfactory part of Mr. King's work, next to its scientific thoroughness, is the breadth of view which embraces in one field the correlation of such extended forces, and the vigor of grasp with which the author handles so large a subject without allowing himself to be crushed by details. Hitherto every geological report has been a geological itinerary without generalization or arrangement. This volume is much more; it is, indeed, almost a systematic geology in itself, and might be printed in a cheaper form and used as a text-book in the technological schools. Right or wrong in his theories, Mr. King could hardly fail to stimulate his students. Our Government has produced much excellent scientific work, and has gained a high reputation for these publications; but if it has produced anything more creditable than this survey, we have not yet seen it.

Pearls for Young Ladies, from the Later Works of John Ruskin, LL.D. Collected and arranged by Mrs. Louisa C. Tuthill. (New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1878.)—Certainly no one would suspect that 'Pearls for Young Ladies,' appropriately tinted blue and gold color, was a collection of extracts, biographical, descriptive, and didactic, from Mr. Ruskin's printed works. Such however it is, and, in spite of a foolish title and a tasteless cover, the book is well worth the perusal of the class for whom it is designed, not because all the sayings are either wise or true, nor because the directions are specially adapted for modern life, but because all of it is illuminated, enlightened, irradiated with that rarest of qualities—genuine enthusiasm. There is so much sham enthusiasm, and it is made so profitable to its exhibitor; there is so much fanaticism, and it is so often a powerful and most convenient motor, that those who have a distaste for imitations look dubiously even at the genuine jewel; but so long as Mr. Ruskin lives there will be one person, at least, of English speech who, spite of follies, blunders, and violences such as it is not given to most men to commit, has the divine spark. This book has some biographical sketches of Mr. Ruskin's early youth and his first education, as peculiar as the man himself, and one and another personal experience is dropped in between rules for the choice of books, occupation of time, dress, gardening, and fervent exhortation to high-minded choice and to the reconciliation of obedience and liberty, interspersed with some verses, a few stories, and one or two translations. Any reader who likes the book must get healthful stimulus from it, and we can quite believe that unsympathetic readers might find it highly amusing.

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